# The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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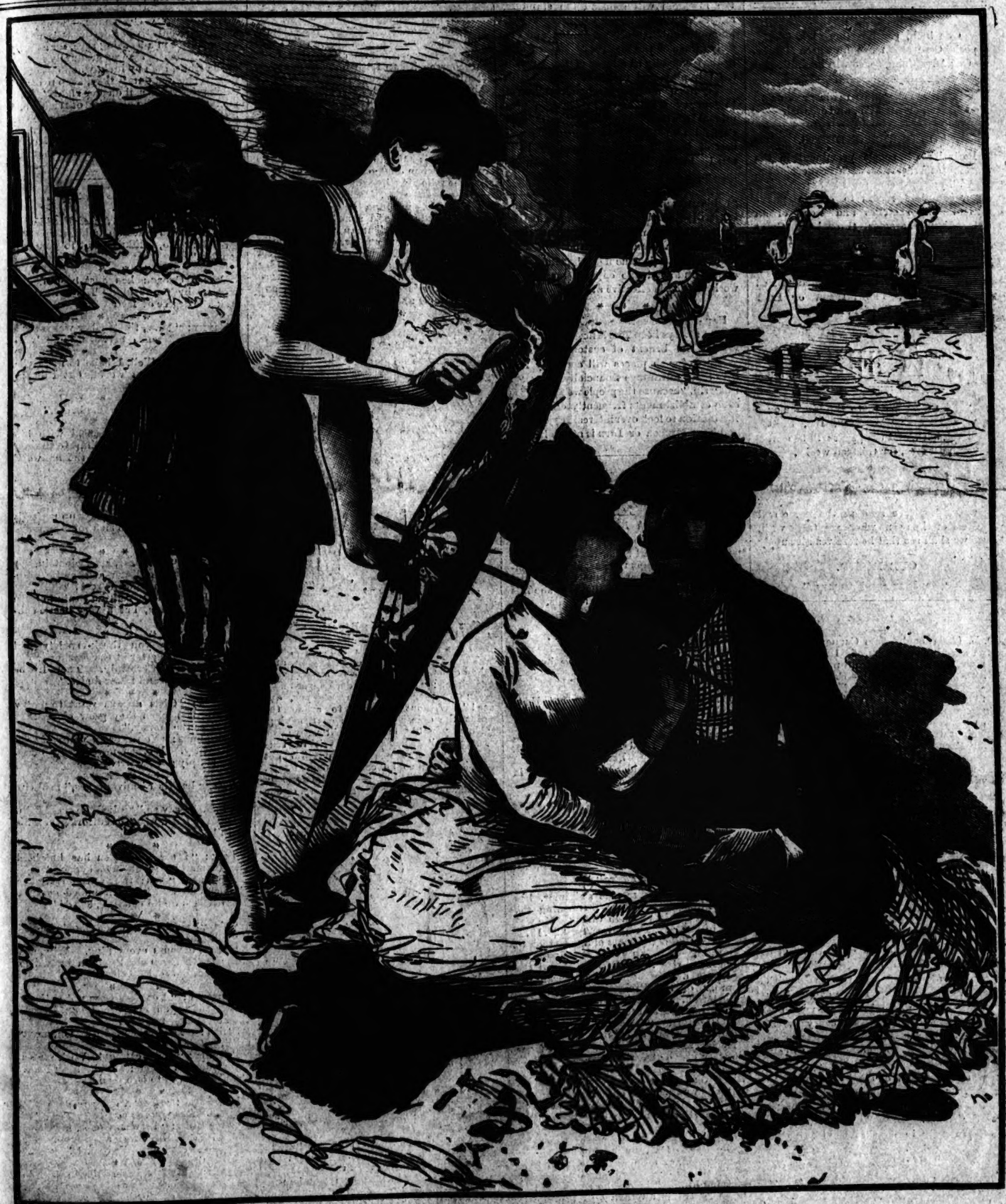

## HAD HER SATISFACTION.

**A Rejected Siren Spoils a Game of Flirtation.**

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

Published Weekly by
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FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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13 WEEKS 13

Send 2s. 8d. to the MIRROR OF LIFE, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., and the paper will be sent you, post free, for thirteen weeks.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining THE MIRROR OF LIFE regularly off your newsagent, please send us the name and address of the agent whom you trade with, and we shall see that he receives his supply weekly.

OUR MOTTO.

"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. L. (Aberdeen).—Jem Carney was born at Birmingham Nov. 5, 1856. He has retired permanently from pugilism.

N. S. (Wolverhampton).—Frank Murphy died March 15, 1893, aged 29. His best fighting weight was 8st 8lb.

SUBSCRIBER.—Daniel Lambert was born at Leicester March 13, 1770. His usual weight was 52st 11lb.

TURF PATRON.—George Fordham was born Sept. 24, 1837, and died Oct. 12, 1887. During his career he rode a total of 2,587 winners.

WELL WISHER.—If you experience any difficulty in obtaining THE MIRROR OF LIFE regularly, please forward us the name of your newsagent.

J. M. (Dublin).—On receipt of one shilling, we will mail you, post free, the Life and Battles of James J. Corbett.

W. S. (Carlisle).—It is a trifle out of our line, therefore we decline with thanks.

W. D. (South Shields).—Your letter has been attended to and your request granted.

A gradual rise in the circulation of a paper during the warm weather is indeed a healthy sign, and such is the case with THE MIRROR OF LIFE. It is not climbing up in circulation at a breakneck pace, but keeps going a little higher every week. During the past few days we have enrolled many new subscribers, and curious to say, everyone whose subscription exhausted has renewed. We shall continue to improve the paper from week to week and maintain the same policy adopted at the start. Laudatory letters continue to pour in so that we feel highly gratified to know THE MIRROR OF LIFE meets with the hearty approval of the sport loving public. All we can say is that the good work will continue.

* * *

THE trial of James Canham Read, charged with the murder of Florrie Dennis, will create considerable interest in all parts of the kingdom. That he did, the deed is yet to be proven; what will reflect upon Read is the dual life he led for so long a time.

* * *

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES must feel highly flattered over the unbroken chain of victories of the *Britannia* in the Clyde. The *Vigilant* came here as the fastest boat ever constructed by the shrewd Yankees, who will no doubt feel deeply grieved over such a series of defeats.

* * *

IT is to be regretted that George Corfield declined to meet Nilky Plimmer half way in negotiating a match. The Brum was fair in his suggestion that Mr. Angle be chosen to officiate as referee, and the admirers of sparring sport in all parts of the kingdom will applaud the stand he adopted. Corfield and his backers well know the ability of Mr. Angle, and are fully aware of the fact that he merely acts in that capacity as a lover of the game to see fair play, and makes it a practice to defray his own expenses when called upon to journey from home to decide a prominent contest. We are satisfied that Corfield and his party want none the best of it, and wonder that they hesitated in closing arrangements upon the conditions Plimmer proposed. Gower is not the easiest game in the world at his weight, and his style of milling will probably prove more effective than many think for. What best suits Corfield is a man who stands off and indulges in a scientific fight, but in Gower he will find a lad who enjoys short range work, and he is effective at it too.

* * *

HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals and THE MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

## MISS MAGGIE DUGGAN.

**A Music Hall Favourite.**

*(With Portrait.)*

MISS MAGGIE DUGGAN is one of the popular music hall favourites of the kingdom. She portrays the part of the principal boy during pantomime season, and during the remainder of the year she fills in time at the different music halls.

## WALTER BRADFORD.

**A Popular Light-weight Jockey.**

*(With Portrait.)*

WALTER BRADFORD was born at Newmarket, April 10, 1875, and rides at 7st in weight. He is gradually making his way to the front rank in his division. Bradford rides for Lord Dunraven, Lord R. Churchill, Percy Peck's stable, and Jennings, jun.; besides his services are in demand by other noted turfmen.

## SAMUEL D. BAUME.

**A Famous Swimmer, who is Champion at the Monte Cristo Feat.**

*(With Portrait.)*

SAMUEL D. BAUME, the swimmer, has made himself famous at performing the Monte Cristo feat at high diving. He was born in Halifax, Yorkshire, April 23, 1872, and when but eight years of age he took to swimming as an amateur, winning numerous prizes. In 1887 he joined the forces as a professional, and became a member of the Professional Swimming Association. Devoting his attention to instructing natatorium feats, he organised the Bradford "Dolphin" Club, and brought out several good men.

He has saved over twenty persons from a watery grave at various places. Baume brought out Miss Louise Leonard as a high diver, and she then aspired to show that she was as good as her master; but an accident in one of her attempts at high-diving at the Aquarium brought her engagement to a close for the time being.

Baume's specialty is performing the Monte Cristo feat, by having his hands and feet tied, and then being encased in a sack, he dives, or rather jumps into a tank, releasing himself before he comes to the surface. He is appearing at the Royal Aquarium, and challenges anybody in the world to beat him at the Monte Cristo dive.

## SPORTING ANECDOTES.

HE NEVER MISSED HIS MAN.—James Douglas, who afterwards became the Duke of Queensberry, had an altercation on a racecourse with an Irish nobleman, and it resulted in an arrangement for a duel. They met on June 10, 1750, and whilst the seconds were loading the pistols, to the amazement of the duke, who was at that time the Earl of March, a man appeared carrying a black coffin, which he solemnly placed in front of Queensberry. His feelings may well be imagined when on looking at the coffin he saw the following inscription on the plate:—"James Douglas, Earl of March, born Nov. 5, 1725, died June 10, 1750." Queensberry turned pale, and asked what such a jest meant. The Irishman replied, "Why, my dear fellow, you are aware I never miss my man, and I have not the slightest doubt but that you will require this wooden cloak within ten minutes." Queensberry thereupon refused to fight the duel, and offered ample apology.

* * *

GOT MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.—A good story is told about a well-known heavy-weight pugilist in the States. He was fighting drunk on one occasion, and, when ordered home by a police-sergeant, exclaimed: "Say, you're der copper and a fresh guy—yer uniform pertects yer, dye see!" Without stopping to argue the point the officer doffed his coat, saying, "Now, you big loafer, we'll waive the protection." They went at it in true fistic style, and when the pugilist got knocked down so he couldn't come again, he remarked, "I'll be d——d, I'm done by a mug as don't know der rudiments of der ring."

* * *

COULD CATCH A BIRD.—A bookmaker of the Hebrew persuasion, in trying to dispose of one of his horses, gave a vivid description of the animal's speed and capabilities to the intending purchaser. In order to make a good impression in his description he remarked:—"Shelp me Moses, der horse vas vorth all I wants for him. He vas as pritty as von picture on der vall, und for speed he can put up his feet und go so fast as a bird." The horse was a handsome appearing animal, but when he was sent a mile at a stiff gait he wound up dead lame.

* * *

FORGIVEN FOR BRINGING THE MONEY HOME.—Mr. James Merry was a leading iron-master in Lanarkshire and Ayrshire, his father being a Glasgow merchant. Some fifty years ago Mr. Merry had a fair-sized stud of racehorses, and when he sent one to run in a race on the Sabbath on the Continent, the Falkirk people demanded an explanation of such conduct. A meeting was called and the large hall was crowded. The clergyman put the question and Mr. Merry responded thusly: "I did so far forget myself as to allow my horse to contend in an important race on the Sabbath, but I must add that before I thought about the day on which the race was to be run I had backed my horse heavily with the French, and I won their money and brought it back to spend in auld Scotland." That settled it. Mr. Merry was readily forgiven, and the assembly dispersed singing, "Auld Lang Syne."

* * *

HE WANTED A CATALOGUE.—Some years ago a representative of Petticoat Lane was a competitor in a sculling race, for a purse, on the Thames. He was gradually forging to the front, inch by inch, when one of his friends shouted out, "Ikey, keep to der lef qvick; der vas a sail on der right." Ikey misinterpreted the meaning of friend, and instead of drawing to the left, he let go his oars, turned his head around, and replied, "Vhat a sale; is dat vhat you say, Moses? Vere is der catalogue, till I see vhat dey hat got to sell."

## PHUNNYGRAPHS.

CLARA: "When you refused Freddie, did you tell him to brace up and be a man."

Sadie: "No, I didn't want to be unreasonable."

* * *

PRINCE GEORGE has just been dubbed LL. D. by Cambridge. His wife lately took the degree of MA.

* * *

TOMMY: "Maw, the teacher wants us to give the difference between 'hope' and 'expect.'"

Mrs. Figg: "Well, I hope to meet your father in the next world, but I hardly expect to."

* * *

MAY: "Jack is a heartless brute."

Clara: "Why?"

May: "When I quarrelled with him called the maid to show him to the door he stopped and kissed her in the hallway."

* * *

"You are always growling about the way things go. Now, how would you change the world if you could?"

Reddag: "I'd divide things up perfectly even. I'd make all the rich folks poor and the poor ones rich."

* * *

TEACHER: "I suppose, Mr. Leinstein, you want your son to learn arithmetic, addition, subtraction, and the rest?"

Mr. Leinstein: "Vell, he vants to learn plenty of addition, but a very leetle subtraction vill do."

* * *

OLIVE: "Do you think society will change for the better at the seashore?"

Winefred: "Certainly. There'll be plenty of nudes and fewer dudes."

* * *

JASPER: "Girls always want to marry for love, but when they grow older they look after the money."

Jumpuppe: "You express yourself very ungallantly. Women never grow older. They simply grow wiser."

* * *

"FAME has its disadvantages," said the philosopher.

"I should say so," replied the great man. "It never lets a man's creditors get off his trail."

* * *

DICK: "I see the Queen has knighted Ben Pitman for inventing a system."

Alphonse: "Yes; if it were not for the Englishman and his confounded system, Monte Carlo would collapse, b'ged!"

* * *

"THEY say she is a regular bookworm."

"Indeed?"

"Fact; devours everything. Why, sir, that woman has actually been known to read a modern society novel."

* * *

PRISCILLA: "I confess I am not entirely indifferent to you, Mr. Smith, but—there is an obstacle—I have already—"

Smith: "You are engaged? Oh, never mind. Break it off."

Priscilla: "Oh, I cannot! With me an engagement is sacred; and besides, I am already engaged to two men."

* * *

MRS. INNIT: "Grace, are you sure Mr. Haggard loves you for yourself alone?"

Grace Innit: "I am sure of it, mamma! When he calls he hates awfully to have anyone else come into the room!"

* * *

DADBY: "My boy is just beginning to read the papers. It is wonderful, too, how he remembers everything he reads."

Cadby: "He does, eh? I should not be surprised, Dadby, to see him develop into one of the brightest and most original after-dinner speakers of his time."

## KICKS FROM THE EDITOR.

It Has Become a Second Nature.—We didn't intend to kick again for some time to come, but it appears to be impossible for us to exist without kicking, consequently we shall have to air our grievances once more in these columns. It does appear to have become a second nature to us, and while we endeavour to suppress our feelings, there are times when we must give way to nature. We presume we have come honestly by it because our parents were kickers, and originally came from what they call Kickertown.

* * *

Have We Missed Our Chance?—Though we hailed from Ireland we are not ashamed of the isle where the shamrock grows. We left there many years ago, accompanied by a party of friends, bound for America, where we expected to actually pick up gold in the streets. Not finding the precious metal kicking about in the large cities we all drifted into the country to engage in agricultural pursuits. It is an old saying that once during a lifetime everybody is afforded an opportunity to get rich or famous. We wanted to become famous so that when we walked through crowded thoroughfares the people would say, "There he goes," and look upon us with admiration. Believing it was necessary to settle in a large city, we naturally felt that London was the proper place, and we therefore emigrated here. The rest of the party remained in the States, and, though we were really in love with one colleen, we concluded she should have to be forgotten if we expected to attain our object in life. We have heard from the old friends several times, but it was not until the other day that the colleen we so deeply admired favoured us with a letter, and judging from its tone, we have lost our opportunity in life. Norah says: "I now sit down and take me pen in me phist to drap you a few lines. Since you left me so couldly, you spalpeen, I've had a bit of luck. I've married Tim, and we are quite contint on a big farm. I have not had a chance to write afore, cause it's now only two years since I got buckled to Tim. He is a good lad, so he is, and he helps me do my work and does his own. I want to inform yon we have a little Tim now, and I am busy making baby clothes and bringing up two pigs by hand, and I sold one for three dollars, when it was four weeks old. Patsey bought it, and he is married and lives on the next farm. Tim and meself wint to Mick's last Sunday and our health is good and so is theirs. To-day is Friday and it has been raining and I have not washed yet so I am ready to go into the tub. I have me a new hat and cape; it is light, with three ruffles, and me hat is a delicate green with rosebud wreath. Yesterday I went to Mick's, and we all went fishing; I caught a perch and Bridget caught a sucker. Mick is real smart, and edigs greens; and last Sunday a week ago we all goes to the camp ground, that we did, and Mary Ann was taken worse and has been ever since; and Tim gets her the doctor and I gets her boquets. It's bad luck to the time you left us, and we are all prospering. Bad cess to the paper you write; it can't go into a Sunday School, and you have hurled away the chance you had to be a great man. I am married this two year since, and if I live till next Christmas Tim will kill the other pig, so he will, and we can have full and plenty all winter."

* * *

Poor Willie is Gone.—An office-boy is a peculiar quantity, and it don't do to rough him up the back too much. We have had so many that it is a difficult matter to keep track of their names. The first three we had sold enough copies of the paper to establish a wholesale news agency. They were accustomed to convey them out under their coats until detected, and then the heavy sales ceased. No. 4 of the invincible class was a collector of postage stamps, and anything that touched his fingers usually stuck fast. We didn't mind his taking cancelled stamps, but he studiously avoided them by seeking new ones, so we were unable to keep as much as a halfpenny stamp on hand to mail a copy of the paper. He got bounced. No. 5 was too tired to work, in fact he was born tired and never woke up till he run away, and we believe he is still on the run. No. 6 was a beauty, he only worked two days when he tried to run the "Boss," but the "Boss" ran him. No. 7 was an inveterate fiend at reading cheap literature, and as he was never satisfied without displaying firearms we purchased his release. No. 8 enjoyed cigarettes and was wont to use us for a doormat. We got even on him, however, because as he sat in a chair the other day, with his feet popped upon our own shoulders, he fell asleep. The cigarette burnt down close, and finally scorched his face so badly that he fell in a heap upon the floor. That was Willie, and now poor Willie is gone where the woodbine twineth. We are on the look-out for a new one who will not try to run the shop before the first payday rolls along.

* * *

Went on a Strike and Got Struck.—It is quite the fashion to go on a strike nowadays, and in order to be up to the times we, of course, had to strike too. We started at home—that is a good place to prepare yourself—and when our food was placed before us we struck. We remarked it was not fit for a dog to eat, and then gazed upward into the face of our "tribe" to see what effect it would have. The effect was marvellous. Before we could apologise we were struck on the head with a flat-iron. Thanks to a hard skull it merely made a dent in the iron. We reached the "shop" crestfallen, but, upon our courage reviving, we struck again. The boss has a strong leg and heavy-soled shoes, and that accounts for our not sitting down to do ou work. When we got to the railway station, we struck for a cheaper rate of transportation. Third-class was too rich for our blood, and we demanded a lower fare and we got it too. The guard hauled us into his van, and before we could realise what he contemplated doing he had us chained down, remarking that dogs travelled at a special rate. We protested, but he held the power, and we were forced to succumb to the ordeal. Great Heavens! A newspaper man classed as a dog! We are done with strikes and striking, and shall resign all connection with labour organisations at once.

* * *

We are in constant dread. We are satisfied we're not built upon the proper lines. We mean right and want to speak the truth, and when a man does wrong we can't resist the temptation to express ourselves in pretty plain language. The truth hurts and should not be brought to life, but as we have been taught to tell only facts, our pen is more courageous than our carcass. Ever since we expressed our views regarding a certain pugilist we have been in constant dread, and when we hear a footstep upon the stairs our whole system quakes like one afflicted with palsy. We know he don't dare to come to the front himself, but feel satisfied some hireling who is in need of treadmill exercise will endeavour to perform the functions of treating us to a good "tanning" down. When a thick-eared, short-haired, broken-faced individual entered the domains of our sanctum the other day, our guilty conscience gave way, and we darted past him, down the stairs and into the streets, with him in hot pursuit. Up Fleet Street we ran, hatless, and, into Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, and on glancing behind, we saw the enemy approach. We shot through the opposite side, and was in hopes of being lost in the crowd; but no such luck. Our face is not easily forgotten, and many a curse we gave vent to in consequence. At Chancery Lane we were blocked, and our pursuer laid a heavy hand upon our collar to deter further progress. We fairly wilted, and believe a few moments of suspense would have brought back an old attack of heart complaint. We started to fall upon our knees to apologise for every word we had ever written, when he broke loose with a little Billingsgate, saying, "Say, you blasted idiot, I wants you to thank the coves in Yorkshire for kind treatment and booze they gave me during my visit, and here is a half a crown to pay for a three months' subscription for the cove as kept me; he says as how The Mirror of Life is the only B—— paper as speaks the truth." How we did brace up and assume a dignified air was a caution, and before we shook that gent off we convinced him that we were subject to fits and frequently ran out like that just to aid digestion. He listened to our story and then winked the other eye.

## SOLLY SMITH.

**An American who Challenges Fred Johnson at 8st 10lb.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Solly Smith was at one time considered to be one of the best feather-weight pugilists in America, but the defeat he met with at the hands of George Dixon gave him a set back from which he has not fully recovered. He first came into prominence on May 24, 1892, when he defeated D. Hawkins in San Francisco, for a £300 purse, in thirteen rounds. He fought George Siddons a fifty-six round draw at the same place, September 29 of the same year for a purse of £240. December 29 he beat John Van Hest in fourteen rounds for £500, and on July 10, 1893, he disposed of John Griffin in four rounds, at Roby, Indiana, for £1,200. On September 25 he was beaten by George Dixon in seven rounds, for £1,800, at Coney Island, New York. Smith is a clever boxer, and is capable of doing effective work with his right hand. He desires to visit this country, and would like to take on Fred Johnson at 8st 10lb for a suitable purse.

## OLD MAIDS ON THE WAR-PATH.

**How They Gave a Display of Hatred toward Mankind.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

Take a group of women who are either too ugly to catch a man or have been disappointed in love, and they can give a display of spite of the most ridiculous description. Old maids, after they cross the shady side of thirty, are fond of declaring what a detestable creature a man is, and are wont to go about in groups to rehearse the story of their good fortunes in escaping a life of slavery. What struck a group of lads as being remarkably amusing was to witness a gathering of these ancient creatures at a well-known shore resort recently, and the damsels found sport in tying to a tree the effigy of a man and pelting him with stones. Those who witnessed the spectacle were delighted with what they saw, and when the little "basket party" had broken up the lads made them the butt of ridicule.

## VIVIAN NICKALLS.

**A Clever Amateur Sculler, Who is Second only to His Brother Guy.**

*(With Portrait.)*

We are indebted to Gordon and Co., 34, High Street, Putney, for a portrait of Vivian Nickalls, who rowed second to his brother Guy in the Diamond Sculls at Henley, July 6, and won the Challenge Sculls of the Leander Rowing Club, Putney, July 9. He rows at 12st 6lb in weight, and is one of the best amateur scullers in the world.

## ARTISTS' MODELS.

**The Types and Characters Sought for by Painters.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"The model has as many characters as the average woman," says a writer. "It seems as though she had more. That is the result of her studies in pose. She holds on each character-note long enough for even a man to hear it; the average woman passes so quickly from one to another that the effect is blurred. And the model glories most in the parts unto which she was not born. It is the girl from Battersea who furnishes the best material for an artist's studies of female beauty in Florence, and the little slip of an Italian from Hatton Garden suggests the last flower of a ducal tree. But I am afraid it must go, along with the wickedness of dancing and dramatic representation, both arts, by the way, to which models are addicted in their evening hours. It is indeed, from their attitude towards these recreative arts that models have offered me the most convincing proof of unblemished respectability. I have seldom succeeded in bringing a model within a hundred miles of an allusion to the theatres or the halls. Once, at a moment when I was courageous and the model communicative, I asked in a nonchalant way, 'Should you say that a girl who wanted to become a model could do any good by going on the stage?' The model froze at once—not that she changed her attitude or expression, for the model will 'stay put' in spite of all conversational diversions—and while her mouth smiled fatuously at the scarlet curtain behind her, her eyes rolled angrily round at me as she exclaimed, 'Worst thing she could do! The stage is full of shocking sticks.' Then in a slightly milder tone she admitted that 'a few lessons in dancing might be a help.' That was the nearest I ever got to the matter, except that some such phrase as 'when I was dancing last night.'

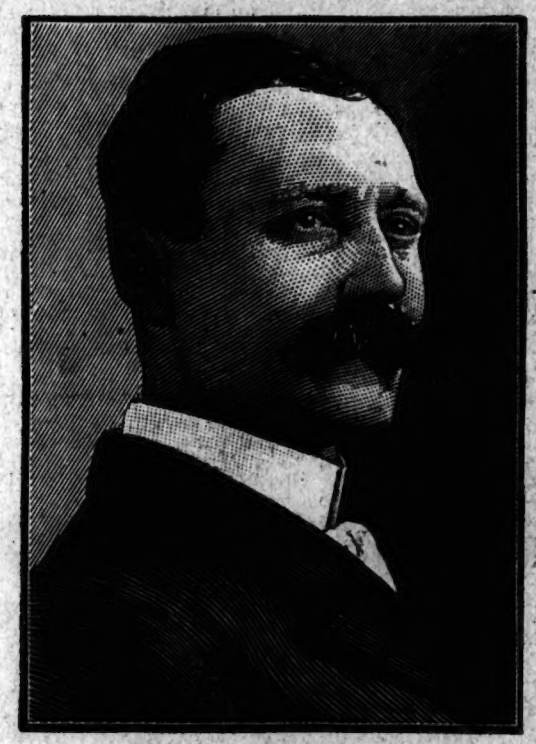
"Little colour to the theory of bold badness is given by their addresses. Looking through a list of these I found Brixton, Walham Green, Finchley Road, West Kensington, and other places that furnish the fancy with but the most dessicated nourishment. With the habitual dress of models I have been similarly disillusioned, for although I have on rare occasions been fortunate enough to meet a young person in a cloak of ruby velveteen, a necklace of imitation pearls, and a stupendous aureole of hat and hair, I have since learnt that this type is too often only the amateur, and that the professional is the unostentatious girl who wears a mackintosh on a fine day.

"In one respect models are not prosaic and I am prosaic enough to be sorry they are not. They have no fixed rate of pay. True, there is an idea abroad that you can hardly offer less than a shilling an hour for the head and eighteen-pence for the nude. But the understanding is tacit, and, like other agreements not publicly made, is liable to be privately broken. The models, poor things, are culpably complaisant. Instead of boldly stating terms they will hedge with 'I don't know what you may be in the habit of giving;' but it is hard to fight for a minimum wage against an artist employer who is earning no wage at all. And then there comes the food question, dividing the models once more into the party with a 'higher standard of comfort' and the party who come to ignoble terms with appetite. 'I am not not particular,' said one of the weaker section the other day; 'I have drunk my tea out of a jam-pot before now, but there are girls that will insist on a hot meat meal in the middle of the day, and then grumble because they can't get work!'

"Half with admiration, half with envy, all these poor artists' models look up to the beautiful creatures who sit in the big painters' studios, and pocket their half-sovereign a day by looking lovely from ten till four. But instead of admiration, there are envy, hatred, and other unpleasant emotions only when the model ends by marrying the artist and disowning her craft. A real handsome model, who possesses a frivilous disposition, seldom comes to a good end, and it occasionally occurs where they rapidly fall from grace. There are all kinds of models, the old and young, the strong and the beautiful. Some can only boast of a beautiful eye, some perfect-formed lips, others pretty hands or feet, but they all come into play for the artists, and are eagerly sought after."

MINNIE PALMER.

**The Clever Actress who has Scored a Success with "My Sweetheart."**

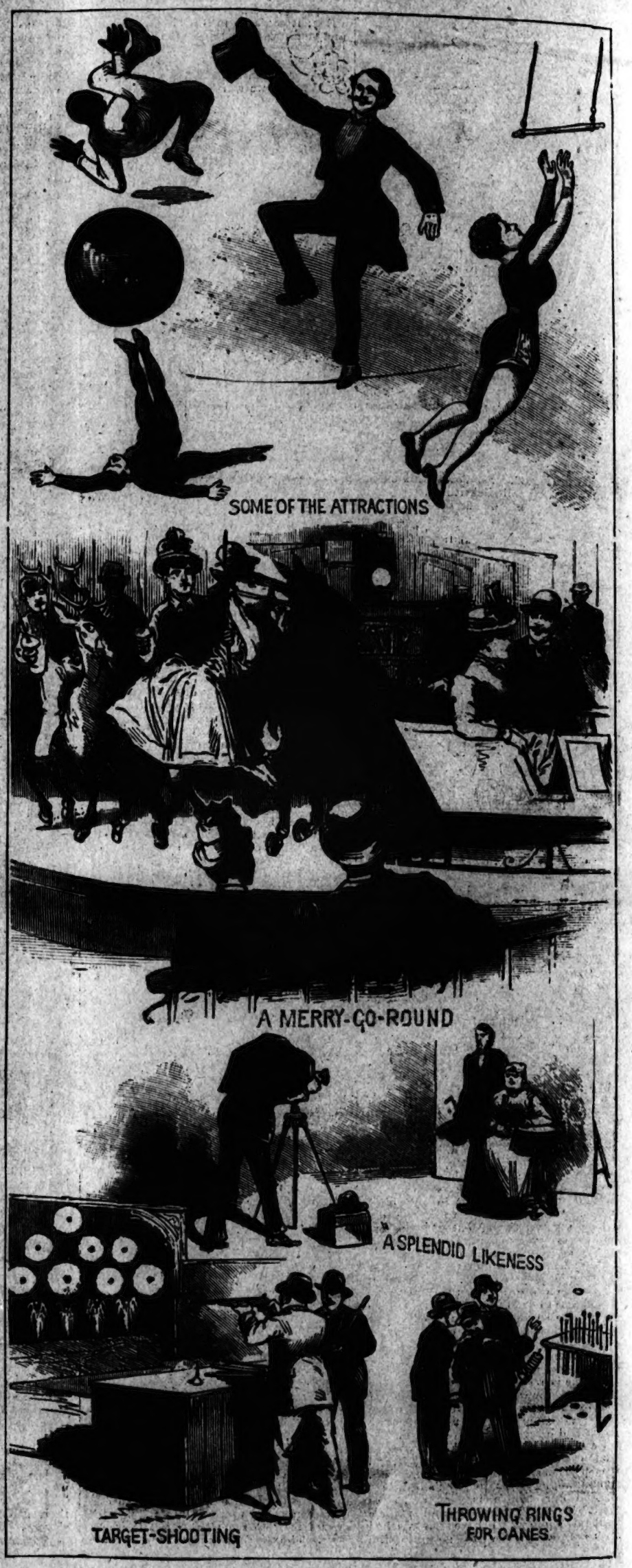


JOHN R. RODGERS.

**Theatrical Manager and Husband of Minnie Palmer.**

PROFESSOR DUFFY.

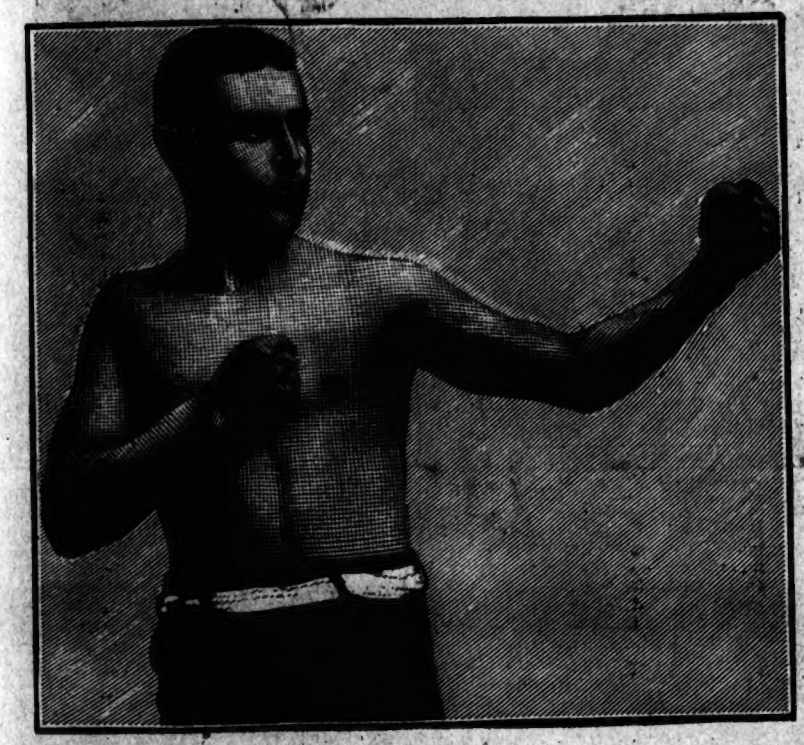
**A Boxing Instructor and Referee of New Orleans.**




SPORT AT THE SEA-SHORE.

**How to Enjoy a Day's Holiday at a Small Cost.**

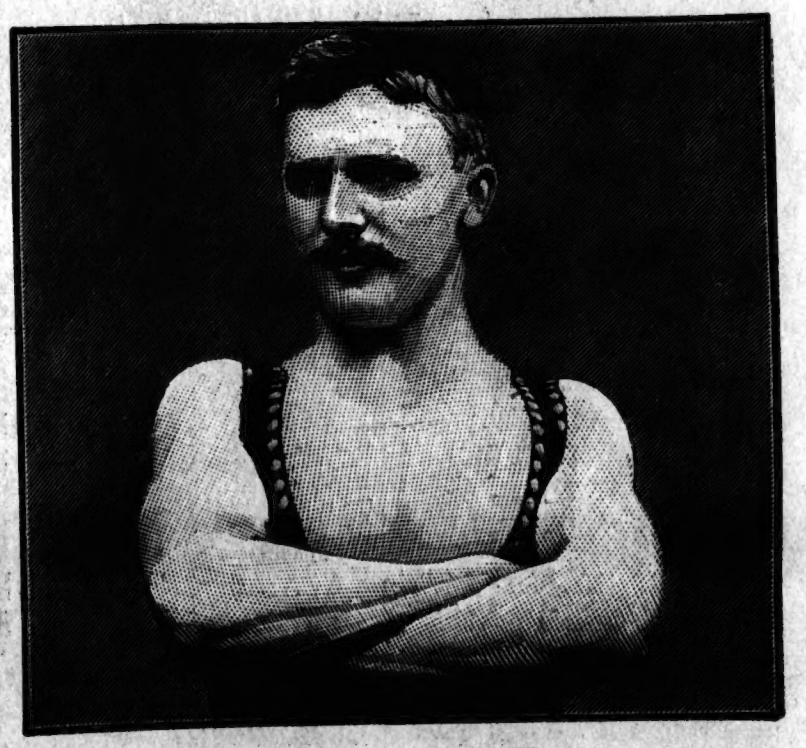
WALTER BRADFORD.
A Popular Light-weight Jockey.



SOLLY SMITH.
An American who Challenges Fred Johnson at 8st 10lb.

MISS MAGGIE DUGGAN.
A Music Hall and Pantomime Favourite.

VIVIAN NICKALLS.
A Clever Amateur Sculler, who is Second only to his brother Guy.



SAMUEL D. BAUME.
A Famous Swimmer, who s Champion at the Monte Cristo Feat.

## TURF NOTES.

### NEWMARKET AND SANDOWN PARK.

### THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

### FINAL SELECTIONS.

This week the home division at Newmarket will continue to carry over the sport for the next two days, and although the stakes are merely of a nominal value some good racing will be witnessed by those assembled on the Heath, and on Friday the World of Fashion will be present at Sandown Park, on their club coaches drawn up opposite the Grand Stand, with their occupants arrayed in the varied colours of their summer costumes, which will add to the charm of the surrounding scene. The enclosures will be well patronised; in fact, weather permitting, this meeting will attract thousands of holiday makers who will go prepared to see Isinglass carry off the valuable Eclipse Stakes, and place his name beside that of the earlier champions, Bendigo, Ayrshire, and Orme. The Princess of Wales' Stakes foreshadows the result, and Isinglass apparently has an easier task to perform than on the last occasion, for both Raeburn and Ravensbury could make no impression upon him then, and although running under the whip for a distance, his stoutness enabled him to leave them yards behind, and Ladas, who it is said may again oppose Mr. McCalmont's colt, should be the only one he has to fear; and he holding no advantage, the finish may be anticipated by placing Isinglass, Ladas, and Ravensbury in the order written. Raeburn was a long way out in his last effort, and of the others little can be said in their favour when opposing the cracks.

Looking back on the Newmarket programme to be decided to-day, the Zetland Plate looks a good thing for Bullingdon; but no doubt the severe work he experienced behind Isinglass may have some effect upon the colt; and Sweet Duchess being in receipt of 8lb, it may not be so rosy even for so good a youngster as he is. Grania is a recent winner, and, with something like a stone the best of it, has a fair chance; and Brisk or Styx should represent Baron de Rothschild, probably the latter, so that a fairly decent field may be expected to face the starter; but the class represented by the top-weight appears to be such as to hold those below him safely, and in selecting one to beat the field, the claims of the first-named are to be preferred. The weights for the July Handicap have been raised all round, and Lumberer having incurred a penalty it will be rather more than he will care to carry, and in glancing lower down the eye stops at Conifer; but the pick of the handicap is Lindrick, with 7st 7lb who with Finlay in the saddle will, I think, be returned the winner, with most to fear from Miss Hoyden and Carloman, who on recent running in the Stewards' Handicap at Hurst Park showed good form, and the extra furlong here may be to his benefit; but I should hardly think he could beat Mr. Dartmoor's candidate, who won the Visitors' Plate here at the First Spring Meeting, when he defeated by a neck that good colt Primrose Way, who has since been so successful.

The best known of the thirty entered for the Two-Year-Old Sale Stakes are Sauteur, Matabele, Four Crosses, Monitor and Night Attack; and of these, after narrowing them down, Sauteur with a run for choice, in his absence Matabele. The Swaffam Welter, in which Toreador should have the best of it in disposing of Prince Hal, with Hombre the best of the others, if sent Sherrard's colt, with only 7st 9lb, might be there, as he, in the Esher Stakes, was asked a more difficult question with a better class than those he will meet here, and his chance of getting lower in any handicap may not occur for some time, this may be his journey. His position behind Carrick and Macready at Sandown Park was creditable, and points to his prospect this afternoon. On Thursday half the number entered in the Maiden Plate may see the post, and of those claiming the allowance Amy Roberts, if she can beat Sylvanus, will do her followers a turn, Rainey and Brittles may be of the number, and from a speculative point of view, a long shot from one of the dark division may, as in the case of last year get home, and do the fielders a turn. In the High Weight Handicap the two to best depend upon will be Gay Polly and Lucy Cross, and Kilsallaghan will not be friendless; still I think he is at a disadvantage with the fillies, for Lucy Cross, in her ten attempts last year, was returned a winner on seven occasions, which shows her to be above the ordinary, and if well on the day she should bracket this event with her past performances.

The Midsummer Plate, worth about 1,500 sovs, will be another plum for Bullingdon. Priestholme, the pace maker, and Amiable may be his nearest attendants; but everything being in his favour, this looks the certainty of the week, and I shall fully expect that odds will be laid on his chance, and that he will justify the same by winning easily.

The Chesterfield Stakes—Galeottia and Prince Simon are considerably above the others, and although Utica, whose recent form in the Plantation Stakes proves that this daughter of St. Simon and Biserta is more than useful, she may not be able to win if either of the two above-mentioned are present.

Son of a Gun, who has been leading Matchbox and Bullingdon, should be very fit just now, and at Sandown Park, in the Victoria Welter, he has only Ben Avon to beat; he has twice disappointed his connections, but he should redeem matters this time.

The Surbiton Handicap—Man of Ross or Gold Reef might be thereabout; Sweet Auburn can hardly give Go Lightly 12lb, although the handicapper's estimate is certainly deserving, and her latest achievements with heavy burdens places her in the best class.

The Great Kingston Two-Year-Old Race—Galopian, if not successful earlier in the week, will certainly have a cut in here with Galiana and Gawrey, and a close finish between them may result in C. Peck's charge landing this for Colonel North.

On Saturday the winner of the Royal Handicap is suggested in Loyalty, next to whom Hombre reads dangerous; and Freak will, no doubt, capture the Warren Nursery; and Kissing Cup, if successful in the Produce Stakes, will be voted the best two-year-old that has yet been seen out. Below will be found the various selections, and, with a run, should be returned as indicated:—

NEWMARKET.—WEDNESDAY.

The July Handicap,
**Lindrick** or **Conifer.**
The Zetland Stakes,
**Bullingdon.**
The Nineteenth Two-Year-Old Stakes,
**Sauteur** or **Four Crosses.**
The First Foal Stakes,
**Beggar's Opera.**
The Swaffham Welter,
**Toreador.**

THURSDAY:—
The High Weight Handicap,
**Lucy Cross** or **Gay Polly.**
The Maiden Plate,
**Sylvanus.**
The Chesterfield Stakes,
**Galopian.**
The Midsummer Plate,
**Bullingdon.**

SANDOWN PARK.—FRIDAY.

Great Kingston Two-Year-Old,
**Galopian** or **Galiana.**
The Eclipse Stakes,
**Isinglass.**
The Surbiton Handicap,
**Gold Reef** or **Man of Ross.**
The Victoria Welter,
**Son of a Gun.**

SATURDAY:—
The Warren Nursery,
**Freak.**
The Royal Handicap,
**Loyalty** or **Hombre.**
The National Breeders' Produce Stakes,
**Kissing Cup.**

CHALK.

## COSTLY PENNY TO WIN.

A foolish man named Charles Smith made a bet of one penny, won it, did not receive the stakes, and was fined by the magistrate at the Thames Police-court ten shillings, with the alternative of seven days. A great crowd, among whom was Smith, crossed the new Tower Bridge on the first day the public were admitted on it. He explained to the magistrate: "A man comes up to me and bets me a penny that I couldn't jump from the roadway into the water. 'Done,' says I. 'Right,' says he, and I jumps into the water, and would 'ave been drowned if the gentleman hadn't come up in his boat and rescued me, for I 'ad 'ad a drop to drink of something stronger than the Thames water I swallowed." Could he swim?" asked the magistrate. Inspector Pearce, who rescued Smith, replied that he did not know, but Mrs. Smith had told him that her husband had won several medals for swimming. On this occasion he was so far gone that a doctor had to be sent for. Smith assured Mr. Mead he was sorry for what he had done, and was ordered to satisfy the law in the manner already mentioned.

## BETTING CASES AT SHEFFIELD

Mr. Frank Lockwood, M.P., Recorder of Sheffield, was occupied the whole of July 13 in hearing cases of great interest to the betting fraternity. At the instigation of the Anti-Gambling Committee of the Social Questions League, George Henry Monte, landlord of the Sheaf House Hotel, was charged with having allowed his grounds to be used for betting purposes, and eight men were charged with having so used them. At the Easter Handicap one defendant named Walker occupied one position in the grounds—so it was alleged—over an hour taking bets; and the prosecution contended that his position became "a place for betting" within the meaning of the Act. The defence was that standing on a stool did not constitute any such offence. The defendant was fined 40s., and the seven men similarly charged pleaded guilty, and were each fined in a like sum. In the case of Monte the jury, after three hours' consideration, disagreed, and were discharged, the defendant being bound over to appear at the next session.

## LORD HOPE'S EXTRAVAGANCE.

The official receiver reports upon the affairs of the Hon. H. F. H. P. Clinton Hope, commonly known as Lord Francis Hope, a younger son of the late Duke of Newcastle. The gross liabilities are stated at £657,942, of which £58,529 are expected to rank, and an estimated surplus of £115,391 is disclosed. It appears that the debtor, who is 28, has never had any occupation. His failure would appear to be attributable to extravagance in living, combined with betting and gambling, and more directly to liabilities and losses incurred in connection with and on behalf of other persons and a theatrical speculator. The deficiency account discloses the following heavy items:—

Minority debts, £10,000.
Succession duty, &c., other than paid by trustees, £43,077.
Living and personal expenditure since February, 1887, £52,704.
Betting and gambling, £70,000.
Theatrical speculation, £21,610.
Liabilities and losses incurred on behalf of other persons, £45,586.
Cost of raising money, interest, &c., £15,797.

A scheme of arrangement has been lodged at the court providing for the vesting of the estate in a trustee for the benefit of the creditors.

## MINNIE PALMER'S DIVORCE CASE.

Still another theatrical divorce case, and this time one which has been much spoken of and which has been widely discussed in anticipation, came before Mr. Justice Lopes on Saturday. Mr. John R. Rogers is the plaintiff, and the respondent is wife, well-known to play-goers in two his worlds as Minnie Palmer, the co-respondent being Sir William Rose. When the case was called to-day, in the Divorce Court, Mr. McCall, for Mr. Rogers, said there was some little difficulty as to which party should open the case. The respondent had filed a petition raising the question of jurisdiction. The respondent appeared under protest, on the ground that there was no domicile. Mr. Justice Lopes said in that case the repondent should begin. Mr. Inderwick for the respondent said the parties were married on May 27. In 1882 the husband was a theatrical agent, principally in the United States, but in England and the Colonies also. The lady was an actress of considerable reputation there, and Mr. Rogers had managed several of her tours. In the autumn of 1890 a dispute arose, and the parties separated, though both remained in America until the spring of 1891. At that time the respondent came to England. The petitioner followed her, and took lodgings at Cecil House, Strand. They were reconciled and went to live at Marlborough Mansions. In September, 1891, Mr. Rogers gave evidence before the United States Court in some action in which he was concerned, and described himself as temporarily residing at Marlborough Mansions, but having his residence in New York City. At Christmas, 1891, he left Marlborough Mansions, and returned shortly after to America. On October 15, 1892, he made a statement in certain bankruptcy proceedings in New York. On April 24, 1893, the respondent in these proceedings took proceedings for a divorce in America, and the husband was served in Jersey City, the adultery was alleged against the husband. On July 24 he filed his petition in the present suit in this country. The American proceedings were still going on, said counsel. His lordship remarked, "Then at the present moment she is seeking a divorce in America and he is seeking a divorce here." Counsel said that was so, and continued to adduce other matters in support of the contention that the petitioner had not been domiciled in England. The case was adjourned.

## WHO IS CHAMPION SHAVER?

Though no place has been agreed upon for the decision of the Shaving Championship, Messrs. Rymer, Moss, and Steele continue to keep in practice. The feeling between the men has not abated in the slightest, and as soon as the trophy given by The Mirror of Life is ready it is more than probable that the men will decide upon a date and place to have the contest decided in private. Teddy Wick professes to be ready to take a hand at the game as soon as definite arrangements are made, so that with the quartette in a contest it will make a match well worth witnessing. Both Rymer and Moss are prepared to have the affair occur in private, believing that it would afford an excellent opportunity of testing the real merits of rapid and clean shaving. Steele has not expressed himself as yet whether he would prefer a private or public match; but as Steele is in the affair for the sake of sport alone, it is hardly likely he will enter any objections. Wick will be consulted in the matter, and probably within the next fortnight a definite arrangement will be made mutually agreeable to all concerned.

James Newton, of 14, Queen Street, Plymouth, writes that he is not averse to contending. He is conceded to be the fastest shaver on the west coast of England, and is credited with having won a contest in which he shaved five men in two minutes and twenty-seven seconds, which is an extremely good performance and would take a lot of beating.

The trophy to be given by The Mirror of Life will be the handsomest ever offered for such a competition, and will cost not less than ten guineas. It will be of an appropriate design, and made of solid gold. With four entries, the second best man will be presented with a silver medal.

## TOM WILLIAMS TO JOE WALCOTT.

Williams would be very pleased to box Walcott, at and under the rules of the National Sporting Club, if the directors of that institution will put up a purse which will meet the expectations of the American. If Mr. Tom O'Rourke will communicate direct to Mr. John Fleming, manager of the National Sporting Club, this gentleman will doubtless convey to him the decision of the directors on the matter, and thus avoid the usual unnecessary paper talk so distasteful to the Australian champion. Plimmer, the English bantam-weight champion, is open to meet anyone in the world from 7st 12lb to 8st 11lb, as expressed in his challenge recently.

## NOW FOR THE RACE PROPER.

The Prince of Wales and Mr. Gould have signed the following memorandum of agreement for a match between the yachts *Britannia* and *Vigilant*:—

"We, the undersigned, being respectively the owners of the yachts *Britannia* and *Vigilant*, do hereby agree to sail the said yachts over the Queen's course of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes, on the 4th day of August, 1894, the owner of the losing yacht to give to the owner of the winning yacht a cup of the value of £100 sterling. And we do further agree that the said match shall be sailed under the rules and regulations as to rating, time allowance, and all other matters of the Yacht Racing Association, and that both yachts shall be measured with their sailing crews on board. And we do hereappoint ——— race master, and ——— referee under the said rules and regulations."

## TOOK LIBERTIES WITH A SERVANT.

Mr. John Willis Shore, 30, a solicitor, of 260, Kennington Park Road, was indicted at the South London Sessions for indecently assaulting a domestic servant named Rosa Congdon. The defendant, who pleaded not guilty, was defended by Mr. Carson, Q.C., M.P., with Mr. Besley and Mr. Travers Humphreys. The evidence of the complainant was to the effect that she was employed as a servant at the defendant's father's house, and that on the night of June 12 the defendant came into the kitchen and asked her to kiss him. The witness then described the assault complained of. In consequence of her statement Inspector Dickson arrested the prisoner in Kennington Road. When the inspector placed his hand on the defendant's shoulder and told him the charge the accused said, "What, you ——? This will ruin me and will kill my mother." The defendant was called, and stated on oath that he was encouraged by the prosecutrix, and whatever took place was with her consent. A number of witnesses were called, who spoke as to the character the accused bore. In the result the jury, after a short deliberation, found the prisoner guilty, and Mr. Somes sentenced him to six months' hard labour.

## MEMOIRS OF JOHN GULLY.

Butcher, prizefighter, publican, hell-keeper, bookmaker, owner of race-horses, Member of Parliament, and fine old English country gentleman—all these heterogeneous elements were combined in the person of John Gully, winner of two Derbys and a St. Leger, and sometime Radical M.P. for Pontefract. A brief sketch of his extraordinary career cannot fail, therefore, to be interesting to all who are attracted by the success of men who have risen from the humblest circumstances to positions of affluence and honour. John Gully was born at Bristol, that "Nursery of British Boxers," from which came the mighty Cribb, the two accomplished Belchers, the chivalrous Henry Pearce ("The Game Chicken"), and many another famous hero of the Prize Ring—men who earned respect as well as admiration by their courage, hardihood, and honesty—a grand race of athletes, immeasurably superior to the gladiators of Rome or the bull-fighters of Spain. We speak of the English pugilism of the first portion of this century, before the gold of Jews and blacklegs had corrupted its honour; when men of chivalry and character, like William Windham and Harvey Coombe, and Lord Althorp, were not ashamed to patronise it; and men of genius, like Byron, Tom Moore, and Hazlitt thought it no degradation to sing its praises and fraternise with its heroes. Among this fine old race of bruisers John Gully held a high and honourable place, though not the highest. His introduction to the "roped arena" came about in a very singular manner. At the age of two or three-and-twenty he left Bristol and came up to London. That he did not reach the metropolis in that pennyless condition which is usually supposed to lead to the Lord Mayoralty of London is pretty evident from the fact that he had not been very long in town before he was locked up in the Fleet for debt. How long he might have languished there it is impossible to say, but doubtless very long, had it not happened that the kindly-hearted pugilist, Henry Pearce, heard that a fellow-townsman was in trouble, and resolved to visit and assist him to the utmost of his power. This Pearce was a noble fellow, and the late George Borrow's face used to light up and his eyes flash as he told the stories of Pearce's gallantry and chivalry. How, singlehanded, he rescued a helpless woman from the hands of six brutal ruffians, and how he lost his life, like another famous boxer, Isaac Perrins, through his exertions in carrying women and children in his Herculean arms from a building in flames. Pearce found Gully to be a man just after his own heart—brave, courteous, sturdy, intelligent, and racked his brains to hit upon some device to extricate him from his incarceration. At last a brilliant idea struck "The Game Chicken." He brought a set of boxing-gloves with him, and got young Gully to try a bout with him. The latter proved himself such an adept that Pearce at once suggested to him a means of getting out of his difficulties which startled the young countryman considerably. "I can get some friends of mine," said Pearce, "to back you against me for a good round sum. You will lose the battle and get a good thrashing; but in the first place your backer will at once fetch you out of this place to put you in training, and you will be sure to gain the esteem of many useful acquaintances." This is a specimen of the spirit which animated the professional boxers of that time. They looked upon it as an act of true friendship when a man consented to fight his dearest "pal." And one eminent bruiser was once heard to say to another, "Why won't thou fight me, lad? I have never done aught to give thee offence." Gully finally accepted the offer, and a match was made between the two men for 1,000 guineas, "The Chicken," or his backer for him, staking 600 against Gully's 400. On the 8th of October, 1805, just outside the pretty little village of Hailsham, in Sussex, that memorable battle was fought, and all the sporting world of London, from the peer to the pork-butcher, crowded to witness the exciting event. It was a desperate fight. Fifty-nine sanguinary rounds were fought in seventy minutes, and then Gully, frightfully bruised, was forced to acknowledge that his opponent was the better man, and resign to him the stakes. Nevertheless, though defeated, John was not disgraced; on the contrary, it was thought a marvellous thing that he, a novice, should have stood up for so long against the finest boxer in England, and not only did Gully become a great and general favourite, but on the retirement of Pearce he was offered the title of Champion of England. It was two years after his battle with "The Game Chicken" before Gully was called upon to defend his title to the Championship, and then it was Bob Gregson who challenged him to fistic combat. The challenger was from Lancashire, a man standing 6ft 2in in height, of prodigious strength, who had signalised his prowess by several pugilistic contests in his native county with great success. The fight, which had been most anxiously looked forward to, took place on October 14, 1801, in a valley called the Six-mile Bottom, between Cambridge and Newmarket; and for miles round this part of the country was thronged with horse, and foot, and carriage folks, eager to witness the battle. It was a combat of giants, for Gully was 6ft in height, and of very powerful frame, though not such a Titan as his opponent. The hitting was something terrific. The fortunes of war fluctuated, inclining now to one side, now to the other, and victory hung in the balance, until in the thirty-sixth round Gully summoned up all his remaining strength and knocked his antagonist senseless. But it was so near a thing that Gregson's backers made bold to match their man against Gully again, and once more the two pugilists met and fought out the question of supremacy in Sir John Seabright's park, in Hertfordshire, on the morning of May 8, 1808. So vast were the crowds which assembled to witness the contest that the Dunstable Volunteers were called out and placed under arms. For fifty-eight minutes Gregson made gallant but unavailing attempts to turn the tables on his quondam conqueror; but it was useless. Gully proved beyond doubt that he was the better man, and delighted lovers of the noble art by the coolness, the judgment, and the science which he displayed, whilst the severity of his hitting was something frightful to behold. With that decisive victory John Gully's career as a pugilist ended. He retired from the Ring, and like most of his brother pugs, took a public-house—the Plough Tavern, in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields—where, at the age of twenty-five, we find him enthroned as hero, landlord, and, above all, shrewd, observant man of the world. *Apropos* of Gully's great fights with Gregson, before we leave the subject we may give an amusing anecdote which proves how deep was the interest taken in these combats, even by the highest personages in the State. Tom Moore, the poet, writing to a friend on Wednesday, November 4, 1811, says, "I suppose you have heard that during the 'Talents' Administration' (*i.e.*, the famous 'Government of all the Talents') Windham received an express from Lord Grey, which made a great sensation in every town it passed through, but which turned out, upon opening the gilt dispatch box, to be the *annonce* of a battle between Gully and Gregson, sent by the Foreign Secretary to the War Secretary *upon public service.*"

But John Gully had talents which required a wider sphere than that of tavern-keeping for their development. He saw that there was a fortune to be made by judicious betting, and accordingly he became a professional betting man. His success was extraordinary, and within three or four years of his taking up this career he had racehorses of his own, Cordenio being the first that ever ran in his name. He worked on gradually as a layer of odds—a "bettor round," or "leg," as he was called in those days—at one period residing at Newmarket with such tackle as Brutus, Truth, Rigmarole, Forfeit, Cock Robin, and others. The turf then was in a very different condition from what it is at the present day; for, although not a quarter of the number of horses was kept in training, still the betting on them was far heavier; and as the bookmakers were scanty in proportion, so the profits they made out of the large wagers of such notorious speculators as the Duke of Queensberry, Lord Foley, Lord Abingdon, Colonel Mellish, and others must have been remunerative in no ordinary degree. Men of such distinguished mark as these were not likely to let so promising a beginner as Gully go unnoticed. The best commissions were given him, and he executed them so well that in 1827 he could afford to give Lord Jersey 4,000 guineas for the ever-famous Mameluke, the winner of the Derby of that year.

The purchase was made on the first day of the Ascot Meeting, with the condition that the bargain should not be made known for four-and-twenty hours, in order that Gully might get 10,000 to 1,000 about him for the St. Leger, which he obtained. At the same time he laid Mr. Crockford 10,000 that Mameluke beat ten different horses, and 10,000 that he beat nine, and by a rare stroke of ill luck for Gully, Matilda, the winner of the St. Leger, was in both lots! It was a terrible upset for his hopes, that great Doncaster race of 1827. It was boldly stated at the time that the backer of Matilda had "got at" the starter, who, by the way, was subsequently discharged, and that to help him in his iniquitous design to stop Mameluke, whose temper was not the sweetest in the world, half-a-dozen half-trained and half-broken brutes, two of which had gaiters on, were sent to the post with instructions to their jockeys never to go when Mameluke was in action. In accordance with their orders they resisted every attempt to get off when Mameluke was in front, and at last the Derby winner became so fretful and fractious that he would scarcely go near the flag. Seizing an unlucky moment when Chifney (Mameluke's jockey) was turning his horse's head round and Matilda was seventy yards ahead, the starter dropped his flag and despatched them. Yet, so great was Mameluke's speed, that, though left far in the rear at the start, he made his way through all his horses till he had only four out of the twenty-six in front of him at the Red House, and had Tommy Nicholson pulled on one side for him, as Chifney asked him to do, Gully's horse would still have won; but on Tommy's refusing to do so, Chifney had to take Mameluke round his horses, thereby losing four lengths, which, when he went after Maltida, he was unable to make up, and in the run home was beaten by just half a length. Mr. Petre, the owner of Matilda, won about £15,000, Gully lost about thrice that amount. But the first man at the rooms and the last to leave—never thinking of going, indeed, till every claim had been paid—was Mr. Gully. So convinced was Mr. Gully of the superiority of Mameluke over Matilda, and that his defeat was owing to foul play, that he challenged Mr. Petre for a match on the Friday, offering him a 7lb pull in the weights. But John Scott, Matilda's trainer, would not hear of it, telling Mr. Petre that he had won a St. Leger by a fluke, and advising him in strong terms to let well alone. Two years later, in the autumn of 1829, Mr. Gully sold Mameluke to Mr. Theobald, of Stockwell, but almost immediately repented of what he had done, and tried all in his power to get the horse back, placing before Mr. Theobald a signed cheque, and telling him to fill it up for any sum in reason. But "Old Leather-breeches" was as immovable as an attorney, although Mr. Gully pleaded hard that his wife wanted the horse, and was much vexed at his having sold him without her consent. "Then you must make up your tiff without the horse," was the reply, "for no money will induce me to part with him," and for some time Mameluke was the chief ornament of the stud at Stockwell, until he was sold to an American breeder and shipped across the Atlantic.

After this Mr. Gully became confederate with the ill-fated "Bobby" Ridsdale. With Little Red Rover, of whom he had first the half and then the whole, Gully ran second to Priam for the Derby. Thus step by step did he mount the ladder of his ambition, and having purchased Upper Hare Park from that lover of athletic sports, Lord Rivers, who refused, out of respect for Gully's character, to take anything for the stock and implements upon it, Gully removed to Newmarket. As yet, although Mr. Gully was one of the heaviest bettors on the turf, he had won very few of the great races, and was obliged to content himself with the distinction of having run second for the Derby and the St. Leger; his perseverance and knowledge, however, shortly met with their due reward, inasmuch as he won the Derby in 1832 with his confederate's horse, St. Giles, and the St. Leger the same year with his own Margrave. Gully's fame at "the Corner" was now at its zenith, whilst he and Mr. Ridsdale were betting partners. Rumour averred that they won £60,000 between them on St. Giles for the Derby, and £45,000 on Margrave for the St. Leger, and it was in consequence of a dispute about the Margave winnings that the Siamese link between them was abruptly severed. Their joint books also showed a balance of £80,000 if Little Red Rover could only have brought Priam to grief for the Derby. There was a joke, too, soon after this time, that Mr. Gully and his friend, Justice, descended upon Cheltenham, and so completely cleaned out the local betting ring that the two did not even think it worth while stopping for the second race day. One of the lesser lights was found wandering moodily about the ring on the next day, and remarked to a sympathiser, "that he was looking for the few half-crowns that Gully and Justice had condescended to leave!"

*(To be continued.)*

## MRS. MAYBRICK.

**Serving a Life Sentence for Poisoning Her Husband.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Efforts have been recently made to secure the pardon of Mrs. Maybrick, who is serving a life sentence for poisoning her husband. It is five years since she was incarcerated in prison, and her conduct has been remarkably good. Some influential people are interested in her, and are hopeful in securing a pardon.

## SPORT AT THE SEA-SHORE.

**How to Enjoy a Day's Holiday at a Small Cost.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

Now that the seaside season has gotten fully under way illustrations of how people of limited means enjoy an inexpensive outing will be fully appreciated. We all expect to see the circus performers doing clever feats for a small stipend, and their efforts are witnessed with delight by the spectators. The merry-go-round is always well patronised by the old and the young. Those who take their sweethearts for a day's outing would be lost if they neglected the photographer who, for a small sum, will produce a portrait while you wait. Some delight in trying rifle practice, and others will frequently try for hours to ring a cane, and by the time success attends their efforts they have squandered enough to purchase a dozen sticks, but the excitement of pitching the rings is where the pleasure comes in.

## SMALLEST KID ON EARTH.

**A Chicago Girl Gives Birth to a Babe Weighing Two and a Quarter Pounds.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

Mrs. Jennie Flower, a young Chicago married woman, gave birth the other day to a female babe which only weighed two and a quarter pounds. The baby is still living, and the attending physician expects to bring it along. Several museum managers have already made application to the mother for a year's engagement.

## A LIFE-SAVING NET.

**How New York Firemen Save Lives of People from Burning Buildings.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

The New York firemen have adopted an excellent device to save people confined in a burning building. Half a dozen secure hold of a net which they hold three or four feet from the ground, and those who possess the courage to jump, invariably come out uninjured.

## HAD HER SATISFACTION.

**A Rejected Siren Spoils a Game of Flirtation.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

It don't do to play with the affections of a jealous girl, because she is pretty certain to have her revenge in some way. A fair illustration was witnessed at Paignton Sands the other day, when a swell, discarding his sweetheart, was lolling about the sand, with a maiden whose acquaintance he had just formed. They sat down, covered from the rays of the sun with a Japanese sunshade. The young lady who had been neglected was at the time enjoying the surf, but, on perceiving the situation of affairs she went unnoticed to the bath-house, and procuring a large reading-glass, held it close to the sunshade till she started that article into a blaze. When the couple noticed the fire both were greatly alarmed, and it was with difficulty they extinguished the flames. Their little flirtation was brought to a close, and the couple beat a hasty retreat in opposite directions.

## MINNIE PALMER.

**The Clever Actress who Scored a Success with "My Sweetheart."**

*(With Portrait.)*

Miss Minnie Palmer, otherwise Mrs. John R. Rodgers, became famous playing the leading role in "My Sweetheart." She is appearing at London theatres with success.

## JOHN R. RODGERS.

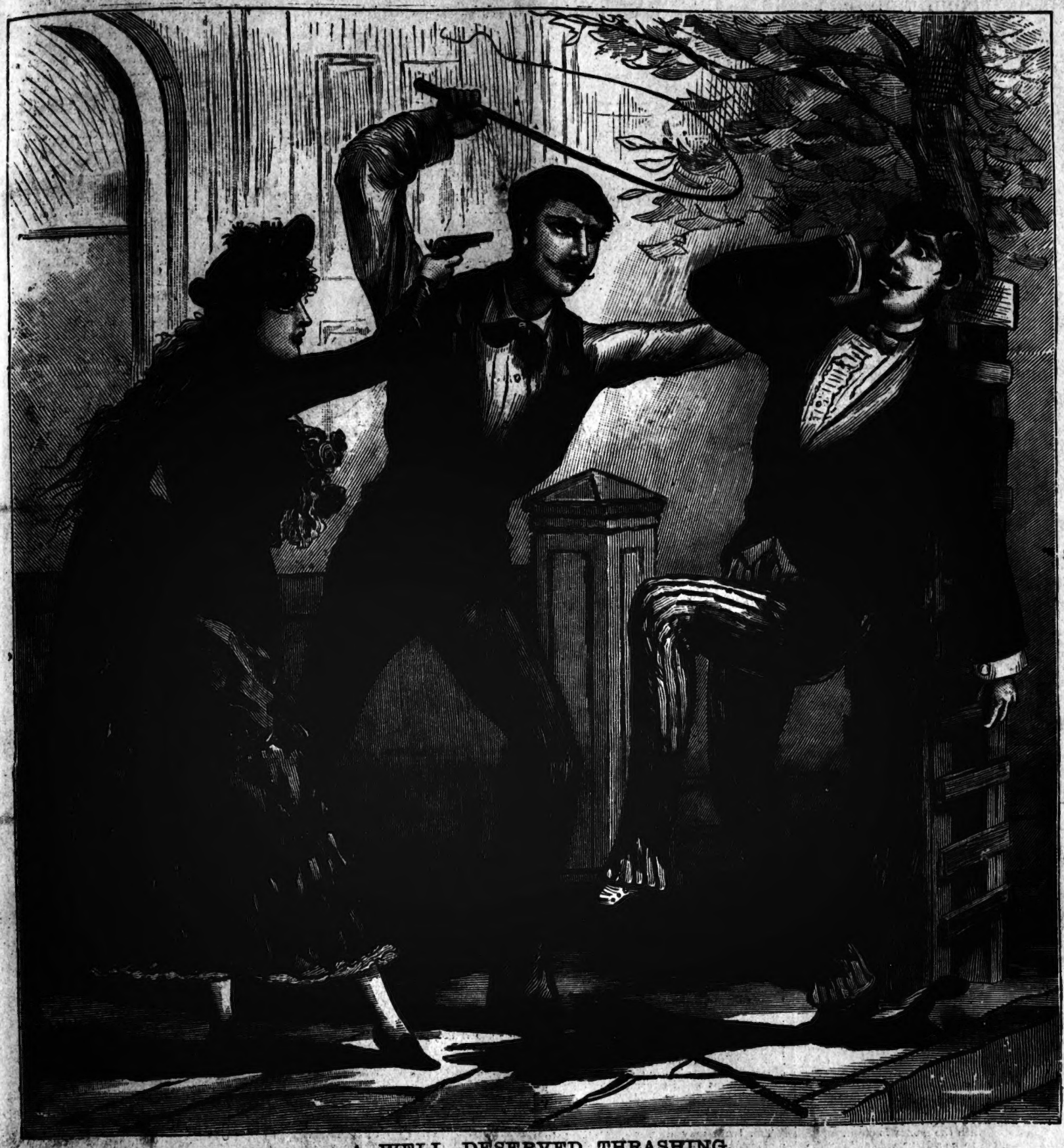
**Theatrical Manager and Husband of Minnie Palmer.**

*(With Portrait.)*

For a live enterprising theatrical manager, John R. Rodgers ranks among the best. He became famous by the clever manner in which he has made his wife, Minnie Palmer, such a great favourite, and about every one whom he has managed has developed into a success as a theatrical star.

# ARTISTS' MODELS.

**The Types and Characters Sought for by Painters.**



## A WELL-DESERVED THRASHING.

**How a Swell was Treated for Trying to Lead Young Girls Astray.**

## A LIFE-SAVING NET.

**How New York Firemen Save Lives of People from Burning Buildings.**

## SMALLEST KID ON EARTH.

**A Chicago Girl Gives Birth to a Babe Weighing Two and a Quarter Pounds**

## AROUND THE RING.

"Every branch of sport in the United States is practically at a standstill," says a Boston correspondent, "principally on account of business being dull and money scarce. The fighters have been carrying the 'banner,' or, in other words, been flat broke, all winter whilst the element who, a year ago, would not do battle for less than 10,000 dollars, are willing now to do the trick for ten per cent. of that sum; in fact, if it had not been for the leniency of the Aldermen in permitting limited round bouts in public, many of the fighters would had to have disgraced themselves by going to work or else passing the winter in the poor-house. There has been such an influx of fighters into Boston, and so many applications for licences of late, that it looks very much as though the thing has been overdone. The laws on finish-fighting are so stringent all over the States that it will be hard for Corbett to find a place to meet Fitzsimmons or Jackson and receive protection; but as Gentleman Jack is not one of the kind that hungers for finish-fighting, he will in no way be offended at the turn of affairs.

"In the Fitzsimmons-Choynski bout the Jew had Bob practically settled in the third round, but he lost his head, and when the fourth round was to be contested Fitz flopped the Sheeny down as fast as he could get up, and eventually those on the inside courted police interference to save Joe. The Dixon-Griffo match was the fight of the season. It lasted twenty rounds, and had it been to a finish the coloured lad would have won. Griffo has managed to beat a lot of "mugs" here, and that put his name way up as a world beater, and he was tipped by the disgruntled element as a sure winner over the black. Though Dixon was a dozen pounds less in weight than the Australian, he managed to disappoint the sure thing 'grafters,' and the man who professes to know it all about pugilism, by having a good lead at the end of the twentieth round. The admirers of Billy Plimmer are congratulating themselves that Billy escaped a prolonged contest with Dixon, and they now readily acknowledge that it would be ten to one on one if they ever meet, and the Dixon end won't be the short end either. An effort was made to bring Peter Maher, of Dublin, and Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, together, but the Irishman failed to turn up, so the affair fell through. Don't be surprised if a whole boat load of fighters go to England in the autumn. They can't get a dollar here and many talk now of prospective matches at the National Sporting Club.

"The Yale-Harvard boat race was an easy thing for Yale crew, who fairly paddled over the course. There is a movement on foot to arrange a race between Oxford and Yale, and a syndicate has offered to defray all expenses to send the Yale boys to England to meet Oxford, providing the last-named crew will consent to such a match. It depends upon Oxford whether or no there will be an international eight-oared race.

"The bicycle riders have warmed up to business, and many new records have been established of late. J. S. Johnson covered a mile in 1min 56sec., and was paced by two tandems, finishing the home stretch against a head wind. He is a great record-smasher, but lacks courage when in a race. Sanger is doing good riding against time, but the public are tiring of riding for a record; what they want is racing. Zimmerman was never much of a record breaker, but when he went into a race he usually brought home the money for the boys. He is a winning racer and not a record breaker, and that's what tells when the money is down.

"There is to be a 100 yards sweepstake foot race at Denver, Col., August 18, to decide who is champion American sprinter. Each contestant puts up 100 dols. as an entry fee, and a purse of 500 dols. is to be added; the entire sum is to be divided 70 per cent. to the winner, 20 per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third man. The entries include Jack Gibson, of Mordan, England; Henderson and Morris, of California; Jim Collins and Pulley, of Colorado; Coppell, of Nebraska, and Jack Doyle, of Massachusetts. There is not much interest in the scheme because it is handled by the same parties who ran off the unsatisfactory race last year. Steve Farrell, who won the last Manchester handicap, will be conspicuous by his absence in this year's race, because of the treatment he received in the last year's event. He has, however, issued a challenge to run any man in America that distance for 1,000 dols. a side. It is possible he may go to Leicester next autumn to stay for the winter. The foot-runners here all appear to give him a wide berth since he has returned, presumably on account of his excellent running at Manchester and his refusal to mix up in any race that is not strictly upon its merits."

* * *

James J. Corbett winds up his Irish tour the last of July, and on August 8 the company sails for New York. Corbett and his sparring partner, John Donaldson, will visit the Continent, where they are engaged for several one-night stands, and, returning to London, Corbett will appear at the benefit to be tendered to Jem Mace, setting-to with the old veteran. It is hardly probable that Corbett will reach the States much before the 1st of September, so that if Peter Jackson really wants to pin him down here to an agreement for a date and place of meeting he will have ample time in which he can reach England and perform the job.

* * *

Mike Finn, of Natick, Massachusetts, claims to have been guaranteed a £300 purse if he can bring a lad here to fight George Corfield at Sheffield. Either Finn must be visionary in his ideas or else there is some man here who wants to waste £300 on a fruitless job.

* * *

Big men, as a rule, are not good stayers in a ring fight, and depend a great deal upon a punch or two to bring a fight to a decision. They are inclined to be slow, and a little rugged work quickly tires them out.

**Sam Hurst, Staleybridge Infant.**

was a big, well-made fellow, but he was never able to display any vast amount of ring ability. He came from Staleybridge, where he was born in 1832, stood 6ft 2½in in height, and fought at 15st. He defeated Tom Paddock, for £200 a-side, in five rounds, occupying 30min, at Berkshire, November 5, 1860, and was then conceded to be Champion of England. His career, however, was brought to rather an abrupt termination by Jem Mace, who disposed of Hurst in eight rounds lasting 50min, in the home circuit, June 18, 1861, for £200 a-side.

* * *

The public have little use for those who are included in the "back number" class, and it is therefore doubtful if any club will consent to give a large purse for a meeting between Frank P. Slavin and Jake Kilrain. The latter has, for the past few years, been conducting a public-house at Baltimore, U.S.A., and in consequence he has taken on a lot of superfluous flesh, which it would be a difficult matter to rid himself of. Even though he could reduce his weight he would be so slow in his delivery that it would be painful for an audience to witness his struggle. Slavin has not advanced in any thing but age, and as a pugilist he has deteriorated considerably. His sparring at the Bolingbroke Club the other night was of such a description that those present readily formed the opinion that as a boxer he couldn't get out of his own way.

* * *

The truth may appear nauseating to most people, but it nevertheless must be told, and we should therefore hardly care to see a performance given by two men who have been thoroughly whipped several times and then shelved for a long period. A few years ago Slavin had a wonderfully cruel punch, and about any man he landed it on came to grief. When he met Peter Jackson, the black realised the danger, and concluded that he would have to bring every move possible into play to avoid receiving the deadly hit, and at the same time land effectively himself. He "fiddled" Slavin about until the latter let go for the body. Peter, with his left, gave a remarkable display of cleverness by warding off the blow, and before Frank could protect himself the black shot his right into the neck with such force that it took about all the fighting out of Slavin.

* * *

Those who had the pleasure of witnessing that memorable contest will ever remember the cleverness and superb generalship displayed by the black in slipping sideways to avoid danger. He proved himself the most remarkable six-footer that ever donned a pair of "mits," and were he not past his prime there is nothing that draws the breath of life at the present time that could touch him.

* * *

Kilrain has never done any remarkable performance in the shape of fighting, even in his prime, and it is hardly likely he would be much short of a "sand-bag" for a man of more than ordinary merit.

It is very doubtful if Harry Spurden, the 9st champion, will be in a fit condition to do battle until late in the autumn. He visited The Mirror of Life Office the other day and exhibited a badly swollen arm at the elbow. He fell some time ago, and the weight of his body came upon the arm, which has since been decidedly painful—training for Darkey Barton only had a tendency to aggravate the injury, and he is now unable to make any use of the injured limb. Spurden has been enjoying a rest at Cambridge, and accepting the advice of friends he will not listen to making a match until he fully recovers the use of his right arm, which in his battles has proved such an effective punisher to his opponents.

* * *

Unless Billy Plimmer remains here until October he will not be able to get on a fight with

**George Corfield,**

because the Sheffield lad has signed articles to box Alf Gower, of Mile End, the best of twenty rounds at Drill Hall, Sheffield, September 10. According to the agreement the men are restricted to 7st 12lb each in weight, and in addition to the stakes of £100, the winner receives the entire net proceeds of the gate, less £25, which goes to the loser.

**Alf Gower**

has been on the "shelf" for some time past, but has confidence in his ability to recover his old form. He is a clever lad, and besides being a punishing hitter he can take a lot of beating. Corfield offered to arrange a match with Plimmer at 7st 12lb for £200 a-side and the gate receipts, to occur at Sheffield in October, but Plimmer suggested a stake of not less than £500 and that the match should be decided at the National Sporting Club for an added purse. He afterwards consented to meet Corfield in a battle at Sheffield providing Mr. B. J. Angle was chosen to act as referee. Plimmer feels somewhat wary of accepting any or everybody as a referee, because it lies within the power of that official to ruin the reputation of a first-class pugilist. Mr. Angle is noted for his fair decisions, and as he follows the game for the pure love of the sport, Corfield can't, with good grace, decline to accept such a proposition. A match between Plimmer and Corfield would be well worth witnessing, and would determine the world's championship at 7st 12lb.

* * *

A 6st 10lb competition was boxed to a decision at the Lambeth School of Arms, July 7. J. Macnamara, of St. Luke's, and B. Taylor, of Camberwell, were contestants in the final bout. In the second round Macnamara, after the first minute, bustled Taylor all over the ring, and gaining an opportunity shot the right on the jaw, causing Taylor to measure his length on the boards, and being unable to rise within the prescribed ten seconds, the verdict was given to the St. Luke's lad.

* * *

Jem Colley, of Rotherhithe, defeated Mike Wall, of the same place, in a four-round contest at Bermondsey, July 7.

* * *

Tom Lynch and Jack Smart were to have contested four rounds at Dublin, July 9, but Lynch went at his adversary in the opening round, planting three hot ones in the stomach. This doubled Smart up, and before he could recover, Lynch brought his right across, landing on the jaw, and knocking Smart out of time.

In a six-rounds contest at the Kilburn Gymnasium, July 9, Dan Donovan was knocked down and out by Jack Sweeney in the third round.

* * *

Bill Eyles was tendered a benefit at Parthenon Hall, Greenwich, July 10, and, notwithstanding the heavy downpour of rain, it was well attended. Eyles would like to do battle with Harry Spurden at 9st, give or take two pounds, for a £100 a-side and the National Sporting Club purse.

## HONEST SPORTS.

The Dutch Amateur Cycling Championships were decided at Arnheim, July 10, with the following results:—

One Mile.—Jaap Eden (Haarlem), 2min 47 1-5sec; H. J. Gorter (Zwolle), 2min 47 2-5sec; Scheltema-Beduin (London), 2min 47 3-5sec.

5,000 Metres.—Jaap Eden, 9min 8 3-5sec; Rademaker, 9min 8 4-5sec; Scheltema-Beduin, 9min 8 4-5sec.

10,000 Metres.—Jaap Eden, 15min 34sec (which beats previous record by 20sec).

* * *

J. Walders easily disposed of J. Powers, in a wrestling match at the Wellington Grounds, Bury, July 7, for £10.

* * *

A New York Exchange says:—"Preliminary arrangements have been completed for the visit of an English Professional Association football eleven to this country next season. From now till May next is a long time, but, by the rules of the English Football Association, it is necessary to obtain special permission before a team affiliated with it can play the game in or out of the country during the 'close' season, from May 1 to September 1.

"For this reason permission was asked at the annual meeting of E. F. A. the other day by the Sunderland Club to be allowed to play in America during May, 1895, and it was readily granted. The Sunderland Club is one of the charmed ring of English League clubs, and for several years past has been probably the most consistently good member of that organisation. It is not more than six years or so since its admission to League honours, but during that time the close of each season has seen it at the top of the tables or close thereto.

"In the season of 1892-3 the team held first honours, while during the season just concluded the Sunderlands were a good second to the Aston Villa Club. In fact, but for an unlucky start of half a dozen draws practically in succession at the beginning of the season, there is no doubt that they would have been first, as their brilliant play after Christmas showed. In English Cup competitions—the blue ribbon of English football—they have always experienced hard luck, losing a match just as they appeared certain of ultimate victory, and the competition of this last season will long be remembered by English football enthusiasts, for the three games which had to be fought out between Sunderland and Aston Villa before the latter could claim victory in their round. The team is exclusively composed of Scotch professionals, and is generally regarded as one of the highest-priced teams in the League. The American tour, which is to include matches at New York, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, is regarded by the officials as an excellent means of attracting the very best players to be had to join the team, so that it will be a very fine combination that will, if all goes well, visit us here."

* * *

Under the new scheme of representation on the Rugby Union Executive, as adopted last autumn, the London District is entitled to four members, and these were duly elected on July 11 at a meeting of delegates from London clubs, held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, under the presidency of Mr. R. S. Whalley. Six delegates were proposed, the successful quartet being Messrs. H. L. Ashmore (Middlesex County and Richmond), G. F. Berney (Surrey), L. F. Elliott (Kensington), and R. S. Whalley (Middlesex and Clapham Rovers). Messrs. E. G. Finch (Middlesex Wanderers) and A. Spurling (Blackheath) were not elected.

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Mrs. A.: "What did you let Annie marry your poor boarder for?"

Mrs. B.: "In the first place, he didn't pay his board; in the second, Annie didn't earn hers. Again, he had a good room on the second floor and Annie the hall room on the same floor. Once more, the third floor hall room wouldn't let. I've put them in there and have let the two rooms on the second."

* * *

She spurned his suit.

"Never," she insisted.

Nor yet did hope flee his breast.

"Can you not," he asked, huskily, "learn to love me?"

She shook her head.

"And still—"

He hissed through his clenched teeth as he made for the door

"—they say never too old to learn."

She started violently, turned pale, and sank in a miserable heap on the floor, crushed by his cruel words.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

George Williamson, the well-known cross-country jockey, of Nottingham, has during the past season ridden in forty-two races in Austria, of which he has won twenty-four. He rode in seven in Russian Poland a few days ago, and won six times, being beaten a neck on the other occasion.

* * *

The news that the Duchess of Montrose has, after all, decided not to sell off her racing stud will be generally welcomed, and equally gratifying it is to hear that the Duke of Devonshire has been induced so far to alter his mind in respect of complete retirement from the Turf that he will still retain his yearlings, reported to be of exceptional promise, to be trained by Marsh.

* * *

Vivian Nicholls won the Leander Club Challenge Sculls at Putney on July 9, defeating the Hon. R. Guinness and C. Croft (the Trinity Hall sculler) with great ease. The last winner of the sculls was E. B. Michell, who was at his best in the sixties. The steamer which followed the race had a large gathering of famous oarsmen on board, as well as Lord and Lady Iveagh, who watched the progress of their son in the contest with considerable interest.

* * *

On July 13, before Mr. Justice Mathew in the Queen's Bench, the case of De Witt v. Watts was mentioned. Mr. Charles Mathews asked that next Monday, the 23rd, should be fixed for the hearing of the case, as several members of the Jockey Club would be witnesses, and could not attend until that day. The application was assented to by his lordship. It is stated the case is a claim made by Mr. De Witt and Mr. Theodore Lumley, as executors of the late Mr. Abington Baird, for the return of £9,000 or thereabouts, the retaining fees paid to J. Watts, the jockey.

* * *

Chas. Saunders (professional champion) and Hon. Alfred Lyttleton contested a match at tennis, at Lord's, St. John's Wood, July 14. The professional conceded a start of 15, and won after a protracted struggle by three sets to one. Mr. Lyttleton's solitary victory was in the third set, by six games to five, while Saunders won the others with scores of 6 to 3, 6 to 3, and 6 to 5 respectively.

* * *

The Royal Southampton Yacht Club held a regatta, July 14, when the Earl of Dunraven raised his racing flag for the first time since the loss of the *Valkyrie* on his new 20-rater, *Audrey*, which sailed her maiden race. The *Audrey* has been built from the Earl's own designs, and was steered by her owner in competition with Prince Henry of Battenberg's *Asphodel*, Prince Batthyany Strantman's *Stephanie*, the Earl of Dudley's *Inyoni*, the Earl of Lonsdale's *Deirdre*, and Mr. John Gretton's 15-rater, *Doreen*. Lord Brassey's *Dragon* was also entered, but she was absent. The course was out and into Southampton Water, 26 miles in all. Heavy rain and a flat calm prevailed at noon when the gun was fired, and it was only a drift away from the starting line. *Inyoni* made a lucky start, and had the best of what wind there was. In the river outside Calshot there was a fresh breeze from the southward, and the boats reached the Brambles buoy, and beat thence to the west buoy, off Cowes, and then went round the Spit home. *Inyoni* held her lead, and the times at the end of the first round were: *Inyoni*, 2hr 34min 1sec; *Deirdre*, 2hr 37min 12sec; *Audrey*, 2hr 38min 33sec; *Stephanie*, 2hr 43min; *Asphodel*, 2hr 44min 40sec; and *Doreen*, 2hr 50min 48sec. The second round was sailed in finer weather. The *Inyoni* won at 3hr 55min 47sec; *Deirdre* was second at 3hr 58min; and *Audrey* third at 3hr 59min 36sec. Each boat took a prize. *Doreen* was fourth, and the others gave up. In the 5-rating match a fine race was sailed between *Flatfish* and *Fleur de Lis*, the first-named winning by 20sec. *Red Lancer* and *Peute* gave up. *Mercer* and *Kismet* took the 2½-rating prizes.

* * *

The North London Railway Employes held a successful athletic meeting at Lea Bridge, July 7, in aid of the Morley House Convalescent Home at Dover. The events were interesting and well contested throughout. W. Gibson won the 120yds handicap; C. Boulton the half mile race; E. P. Fitzgerald the mile walk; and E. C. Moore the obstacle race.

* * *

The International Cyclists' Association and the Belgian Cyclists' Union have arranged for the Amateur Cycling Championships of the World to take place at Antwerp, August 12 and 13, over distances of one mile, six miles and a half, and sixty-two and a half miles respectively.

On August 14 there will be a cyclists' fête and parade, and on the following day the Professional Championships of the World will take place at Brussels.

On August 17 and 18 there will be races at Blackenberghe, and on August 19 and 20 at Ghent and Liege. Cyclists are expected from Great Britain, America, France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Holland.

At the Velodrome Buffalo track, near Paris, July 15, Zimmerman and Barden, the English rider, contested a series of bicycle races. In the first race, one mile, Zimmerman won easily by a dozen lengths. In the second race, distance five miles, with pace-makers, Zimmerman followed Barden until the fifth lap, when he shot ahead with with such rapidity that the Englishman abandoned the contest. Zimmerman rode through in 11min 59⅘sec. The American next won the final of another race, Wheeler, another Yankee, being second.

* * *

The annual meeting of the Essex Cycling and Athletic Association, at which several events reckoned as the county championships were run off, held at Chelmsford, on July 14, proved an immense success. There was a large and aristocratic company present, including the Earl and Countess of Warwick, the Right Hon. Lord Rookwood, Ven. Archdeacon Johnson, L.L.B., Sir Simeon Stewart, Bart., Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., Sir Claude de Crespigny, Bart, Colonel S. L. Howard, C.B., Major Rasch, M.P., Captain Naylor Leyland, M.P., the Mayors of Chelmsford, Maldon, and Colchester. The Essex championship events resulted as follows: Quarter Mile Flat, G. W. Turk, Walthamstow; Five Miles Bicycle Scratch Race, E. H. Ainsworth, Essex County C.C.; One Mile, F. E. Bacon, Walthamstow H.; Two Miles Walk, H. J. Cheverton, Essex Beagles; whilst the open races resulted as follows: 100 Yards Handicap, J. P. Godfrey, Waverley F.C., 8yds start; One Mile Bicycle, H. W. Farmer, Colchester, 160yds start; Half Mile Flat, W. J. Jones, Walthamstow, 40yds start; One Mile Handicap, J. L. Dorwood, Falcon H., 192yds start; Three Miles Invitation Scratch Race, F. E. Bacon came in first, beating H. Watkins, C. Pearce, and Sid Thomas.

* * *

Though the Thames Rowing Club sent excellent crews to contend in the Regatta at Hamburg, July 14 and 15, they experienced nothing but a series of defeats. On the opening day the Metropolitan Four took part in the race for the Hammonia Prize, but were beaten after a grand struggle by four feet, the Hammonia crew winning in 6min 15⅕sec. But for one of the Thames men meeting with an accident the win would undoubtedly have been theirs. The Berlin Club was third, and the Frankfort Germania Club fourth. In the four-oared race for the German Emperor's Prize, the Thames crew failed to show anything like winning form, and stopped before the end was reached. The winning crew was again furnished by the Hammonia Club. In the eight-oared race the Englishmen finished third, Berlin being first, and the Kiel crew second. It was a splendid race throughout, and for some distance Thames held a lead. At the finish only half a length separated the first two, while three lengths divided Thames R.C. from Kiel.

Some amends were made for these defeats at the close of the day, the old cantab, S. D. Muttlebury, and F. E. C. Clark winning the pair-oared race.

* * *

Bob Smith, an old-time trainer and second of pugilists in the States, died recently in New York City of Bright's disease. He trained Billy Edwards for his fight with Sam Collyer, Jimmy Elliott for his fight with John Dwyer, and Jem Mace when he met Joe Coburn. He also trained John Flood for his memorable fight with John L. Sullivan.

* * *

Joe Walcott, the coloured pugilist, has convinced the sports in the States, that he is at the top of his class as a 10st man by defeating Dick O'Brien at Boston, July 6. They were to fight fifteen rounds, and O'Brien scaled at 10st 13lb. In the third round Walcott was all over his man, smashing him with right and left at will. O'Brien made a slight rally, but did no damage. There was more hurricane fighting in the fourth round, but it was more evenly distributed. Walcott was the first to land, with his left, and O'Brien swung his left on the face and at the same time dug his right into Walcott's ribs. Walcott planted his left in O'Brien's face, and the Maine champion countered hard. Both men exchanged several short-arm blows, and O'Brien emerged from the melée bleeding freely. Walcott landed twice on the jaw with sufficient force to fell an ox, but O'Brien did not seem to mind the blows. The round closed with O'Brien against the ropes.

The fifth round opened with an exchange of lefts. Then Walcott rushed O'Brien into his corner and almost floored him. O'Brien rallied gamely and forced Walcott back. The fighting was so hot that the black man had to retreat.

O'Brien tried to keep up the pace in the sixth round, but it was too hot. He had Walcott helpless against the ropes, but had not strength enough to put him out. When Walcott regained the centre of the ring, he lost no time in following up the advantage which he saw he possessed.

He smashed O'Brien all over the ring and made him a bit groggy with four hard ones in the face. In spite of his weakness O'Brien took the initiative in the seventh round, but Walcott's hard counter of his weak lead for the face turned the tables. Once O'Brien sank to the floor, but was on his feet in time to save himself.

In the eighth Walcott continued to thump at O'Brien's almost helpless body. It seemed cruel, and the crowd hissed, but O'Brien was still on his feet with his hands up, and Walcott could only see the business end of the affair. The ninth round was but a repetition of the eighth. In the tenth O'Brien made a slight rally, but to no purpose. He did not have strength enough to do any execution, and his left eye was so nearly closed that it was of no use to him, while the right was little better. He had taken enough punishment to knock out a dozen fighters, but he would not give up. On the contrary, he made a rally in the eleventh that took Walcott unawares and smashed the coloured lad full in the face.

It seemed as if O'Brien could last the fifteen rounds and secure a draw. But Walcott had other plans. In the twelfth round he drove O'Brien to the ropes near his own corner, smashed him in the face with his left, followed this up with a terrible right swing on the jaw, and then sent a straight left into his stomach. O'Brien trembled, staggered a moment, and then dropped like a log. He did not recover consciousness for ten minutes. He was badly punished, but Walcott showed few traces of the battle.

* * *

In speaking of Stanton Abbott's recent victory over Billy Myer, of Chicago, the *Boston Exchange* say, "The referee's decision in favour of Stanton Abbott and against Billy Myer did not accord with the ideas of many of the spectators. Abbott received the award—it was far from clear that he established any lead. Abbott received 240dols. and Myer 60dols. as their respective shares of the receipts. Myer received 100dols. additional for expenses. Myer felt much aggrieved at the unexpected result. "It was a queer decision and queerly given," he said. "Abbott's own handlers were surprised at their good fortune." John L. Sullivan, after the Abbott-Myer contest, publicly gave his opinion to a number of sporting men gathered in Ned Gould's hostelry. He said: "What! that —— Englishman talking about fighting McAuliffe! Why, Jack would give him a punch at the base of the spine and lick him, see?"

* * *

An amusing wedding took place at Lytham, near Bath, when a local donkey-driver married a Manchester nursemaid. In honour of the event there was a procession through the town of donkeys in charge of barefooted lads.

* * *

A ghastly discovery has just been made in the townland of Cladybeg, eight miles from Armagh. A farmer named Samuel Conn, who lived alone, was found undressed and lying in the fire in his kitchen. His head and other portions of his body were smouldering, and he was quite dead. The man had died suddenly from failure of the heart's action and fallen into the fire.

* * *

Mr. George M. Pullman has published a long statement explaining the attitude of his company in regard to the strike and its causes and merits. He does not definitely refuse to submit the dispute to arbitration, but urges that it would be unbusinesslike to consent to an arbitration, which might decide that the works should be conducted at a loss.

The conference of labour leaders terminated at Chicago, July 14. It decided against a general strike, and endorsed the action of Mr. Debs in ordering the railway men to return to work. The Railway Union has voted 1,000dols. towards the fund for defraying the cost of Mr. Debs' defence at his forthcoming trial, and has also issued an appeal to the public. It has passed a resolution condemning the Republican and Democratic parties, and pledging support to the Populists. At Sacramento the strike leader Knox refuses to order the strike off in California. He threatens to call out the telegraph operators. The Central Pacific officials are still unable to move the trains from Oakland. The strikers continue to blockade the lines. Two thousand more Federal troops have been ordered to the terminus.

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The sales at Newmarket must be worth something to the firm of Tattersalls, who find the odd shillings total up to something big in the course of a twelvemonth. The original Mr. Tattersall first started as an auctioneer in the early sixties of the last century at the Turf Coffee House, Hyde Park Corner. He was one of the finest judges of horses of that period. He had the confidence and friendship of George Prince of Wales—afterwards George IV.—and all the royal dukes; he had the honour of twice selling the Prince of Wales's horses, the most noticeable sale was in 1793. There were thirty-three lots. The matches and sweepstakes they were engaged for were 107, and the stakes depending upon them amounted to 24,355 guineas. The prices fetched were very low, with the exception of Escape, which was bought by Mr. Tattersall himself for 2,500 guineas. Mr. Tattersall owned and ran racehorses frequently, and established a record, for he won more money in stakes and bets on a single horse than anyone before or since. The horse's name was Highflyer, and it is computed that he won his owner in stakes and bets over £300,000. The original old Tatt, the grand old man of the family, died in 1795, deeply regretted by all who knew him. He founded the Subscription Rooms at Hyde Park Corner (now at Albert Gate) and at Newmarket. There are subscribers to Tattersall's and also members of Tattersall's.

## JABEZ WILL MAKE RESTITUTION.

It has been ascertained from a source which admits of no doubt that having regard to the decision arrived at by the Argentine Republic respecting Balfour's extradition, a scheme is being started for restoring to the victims of the various Balfour companies some if not all the money they have lost. It is a positive fact that the fugitive has in England property of a most valuable character, and his friends have been put in a position to at once realise as much money as possible. It is expected that at least half a million will be raised by this means, and a fund will be formed to re-imburse the shareholders in the various concerns which failed, attention being first directed to the most necessitous cases. The ex-financier, as soon as he has succeeded in accomplishing this restitution, will through his friends in England set to work to obtain a free pardon from the Government. His friends have all along maintained that even had he have been brought to justice the charges that would have been laid against him would have been altogether different from, and by no means so serious as, the offences for which Hobbs and the others are now undergoing penal servitude. Balfour has been occupying his time in Salta in writing what he will term an "authentic history" of his transactions with the various London societies which came to grief, and whatever may be the profit of the "history" will be added to his restitution fund.

## A FRENCH CLERGYMAN'S SENTENCE.

After having lasted four days the trial of the demon priest Bruneau was brought to an end July 12 at Laval. The prisoner was found guilty of the murder of his superior Abbé Fricot, but not of that of the widow Bourdais, nor of the acts of incendiarism. He was accordingly condemned to death. Bruneau heard his sentence calmly, and shook hands several times with his counsel, who made an able if useless defence. The Procureur of the Republic, in calling for the condemnation of the accused, described Burneau as a "ferocious murderer and thief," whose profession and education did not prevent him from entering upon a career of almost unexampled crime. The defending lawyer, on other hand, made a great deal of the fact that not a single person had seen the accused committing any of the terrible deeds laid at his door. Bruneau was charged with the murder of Madame Bourdais on the evidence of a drunken cabman, while the incoherent testimony of an old housekeeper was the sole basis of the other accusation. Counsel maintained that the prisoner had no reason to get rid of his parish priest, and it was quite possible that Abbé Fricot was killed by one of the tramps who infest the district of Entrammes, where the Trappist monks give them bread and soup. These arguments had no effect on the jurors, except in the case of the murder of the widow. The sentence of death was received with applause in court. A great criminal has thus been condemned to the guillotine, and the name of Bruneau goes to increase the list of black sheep among the French clergy. Luckily for the vast army of churchmen in this country who fulfil their duties conscientiously there have not been many ecclesiastics so lost to all sense of their calling and their duty as the felon Bruneau. One of the most notorious ecclesiastical criminals before the Entaammes murderer was Mingrat a curé in the Isère, who began his career of crime by killing a girl and throwing her body into the river. Like Bruneau, he was able to conceal his crime, but he was afterwards found guilty of the murder of a married woman, and condemned to death. He succeeded in leaving France; was captured and imprisoned for life, the case being hushed up. Another murderer though less ferocious than Bruneau or Mingrat, was the Abbé Delacollonge, who was curé of a village in the Burgundian district. Not being able to support a woman with whom he was in love, he killed her at her own request, and in order to clear away any sign of his guilt, he cut up her body and put the pieces in a bag, which he flung into a pond. He was found out and condemned to penal servitude for life at Dijon. These crimes were committed more than half a century since, and during a long lapse of time nothing like them has occurred. It has been reserved for Bruneau to bring disgrace on his cloth, and—as the Procureur of the Republic hinted at the trial—the man's diocesan superiors must now be heartily regretting that they had not suspended him from his priestly office long ago.

PRIVATE THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

**Performers who were not Allowed to Wear Skirts Too Short.**

SAVED FROM DISGRACE.

**How a Villain was Thwarted in his Designs.**

LADS PLACARD A STREET SIREN.

An Incident which Created Considerable Mirth to Pedestrians.

MRS. MAYBRICK.

Serving a Life Sentence for Poisoning Her Husband.

OLD MAIDS ON THE WAR-PATH.

How They Gave a Display of Hatred Toward Mankind.

## COMMON GOSSIP.

THE Federal Judge at Buenos Ayres declares that the extradition treaty between Great Britain and Argentina is not applicable to the case of Jabez Balfour.

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THE Marquess of Londonderry has the smallest pony in the world. At its birth it was only nineteen and a half inches high, and now its weight does not exceed sixteen pounds.

* * *

MONTE Carlo seems to have prospered this year more than ever it has done. The shares are now worth five times their original value, and plans are being made for increasing operations. There were nine suicides last year on the premises.

* * *

INSANITY has increased so in France that the asylums can no longer hold the lunatics. The Assistance Publique has, therefore, decided to place some of the crazy paupers, who are harmless, with peasant families, just as it puts out pauper infants and children.

* * *

GIOVANNI SUCCI, the fasting man, began on July 7, in Buda-Pesth, a fast of thirty days. As before, he has resort to his mysterious liquid, of which he pours two or three drops into a pint of water. He smokes several cigars daily, walks about, and converses freely with his visitors.

* * *

THOMAS POYNTER REEVES, a slaughterman, living at 10, Martha Street, St. George's Street, was sent to gaol for four months with hard labour at the Thames Court for brutally assaulting a woman named Wright, with whom he had lived. He kicked her violently, and stabbed her on the head. His excuse was that he was drunk.

* * *

AT Derbyshire Assizes Fanny Newbold was sentenced to three years' penal servitude for attempting to poison George Bennett, son of a Derby ironmonger. Bennett had supported Newbold, but in March last he told her that he must break off the intimacy. At their final meeting, which took place in her lodgings, she gave him a mixture of arsenic and strychnine in a glass of stout, saying afterwards it was her intention that they should die together.

* * *

AT Scottdale, Penn., the miners on strike there attacked the negro non-unionists who were at work, stoning them away from the mines. The negroes re-assembled in force later, and retaliated upon the whites. The scene resembled a pitched battle, firearms, knives, and razors being freely used. The negroes were again repulsed, large numbers having been wounded on both sides. It is feared the negroes will return to the attack in even greater strength, and the town is now an armed camp with sentries at all vulnerable points.

* * *

AT Bootle, July 10, two women, named Sophia Dangeli and Margaret Welsh, were sentenced to six weeks' and one month's imprisonment respectively for brutally assaulting a child two years old. The mother left the child in bed in a house where the prisoners lodged, and when she returned found it shockingly bruised about the head and face and a quantity of hair torn from the scalp. It transpired that the women, who were drunk at the time, dragged the child from the cot by the hair of the head, banged it about the floor, and struck it in pure drunken wantonness, causing intense pain.

* * *

LORENZO MOORE, styling himself a turf commission agent, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour by the Exeter magistrates, July 10. He had been tried at the police-court and quarter sessions for keeping places for betting purposes. Thirty-three charges were withdrawn against him on his entering into recognisances to discontinue betting. At Surrey Quarter Sessions recently he was fined £100 for betting at Sutton. On July 10 he came before the Exeter magistrates to receive judgment. The solicitor for defendant said Moore had paid nearly £1,000 in fines for keeping betting-houses.

* * *

THE Birmingham coroner held an inquest upon Ellen Burton, thirty-four, and her daughter Annie, fourteen, who on Sunday last were discovered dead in their house at Winson Green. The medical evidence showed that death was due to strangulation, although laudanum appeared to have been first administered. Evidence was given of the women's depressed state of mind for some time, and her fear of leaving her children to the mercy of the world. The jury returned a verdict of murder by the mother in the case of the girl, and suicide whilst insane in the case of the mother herself.

* * *

IN the rush for a Midland train at King's Cross Metropolitan Station, a gentleman named Walker, of Finsbury Park, was knocked on to the line just as the engine touched the platform. With him were a man and a woman. His female companion jumped after him to drag him into safety, and the other man, panic-stricken, jumped after her. They were unable to save Walker, and the train, though of course going extremely slow, passed over him and mutilated him horribly. The strangest part of the affair is that his two companions, although having less time to save themselves, escaped with barely a bruise. Mr. Walker died at once.

* * *

AT Croydon Frederick and Matilda Watts, husband and wife, were summoned for neglecting and abandoning their four children. The couple lived in two rooms in Fullerton Road, the whole family sleeping in one room, which was inconceivably filthy and unhealthy. The children were, it was stated, frequently left unattended, unwashed, and unfed all day. When Inspector Martin visited the house the parents were missing, having been out all day, and they were discovered at midnight lying in a drunken sleep under a tree in an adjacent field. Watts was sentenced to two months' hard labour, and his wife, whom the magistrate considered to be the worst offender, to three months.

* * *

A. J. WICKS, defendant in the action for breach of promise by a lady barber, had a break recently in his term of imprisonment for fraud to attend his public examination. He said he met his wife while he was on board ship going from Sydney to the Cape, and in May, 1890, married her at Port Elizabeth. She represented that she was a widow, but in January, 1893, his suspicions were aroused, and upon investigation he found her husband did not die until April, 1892. In February, 1893, consequently, he went again through a form of marriage with her. Examined by Mr. Bernard Abrahams for the petitioning creditors and the trustee, the bankrupt denied that this second marriage ceremony was gone through for the purpose of making a marriage settlement on his wife. The examination was concluded.

* * *

IT is two months since the public had an opportunity of prying into the domestic affairs of Mr. Charles Stephens and his wife. On July 12, they again appeared upon the scene, when Mr. Stephens, who is an ex-captain in the army and late Police Commissioner of Sierra Leone, residing at St. John's Hill, Clapham Junction, was summoned before Mr. De Rutzen, at the instance of his wife Christina, described as an actress, of Great Smith Street, Westminster, for maintenance arrears. The parties were married in New York some ten years ago, and in May last, as a result of proceedings instituted by the wife for assault, a judicial separation was granted, defendant being ordered to contribute £1 weekly towards the support of the complainant and her son. Complainant now asked for an adjournment for fourteen days, defendant, who did not appear, having promised to pay £2 on the 14th inst. Mr. De Rutzen consented to this course being adopted.

## A WELL DESERVED THRASHING.

**How a Swell was Treated for Trying to Lead Young Girls Astray.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A STORY comes to hand of a swell, who has for some time been devoting his attention to alluring school girls into the downward path. He was brought up to a sharp turn recently, when the brother of a girl, whom he tried to induce into a hotel, treated him to a well deserved thrashing, whilst the girl threatened with a revolver to kill the gay lothario if he made the slightest move to defend himself.

## SAVED FROM DISGRACE.

**How a Villain was Thwarted in his Designs.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

YOUNG women can't be too careful nowadays what company they choose, and what is more a woman who trusts herself alone with a man in the smoke room of a "pub" of doubtful character must certainly be prepared to suffer any consequences. Street acquaintances of either sex are decidedly dangerous, and more especially amongst the men who would stop at nothing short of murder to accomplish their end. What might have resulted in the wrecking of a young girl's good name was prevented recently in a resort in the northern district of London. It appears that a man possessing an excellent flow of flattering conversation beguiled a girl, whose acquaintance he had made through a flirtation, into a resort and prevailed upon her to partake of a glass of wine. The habitues of the establishment were fully aware of the character of the man who had inveigled the girl to the place, and when he had poured out a glass of wine and handed it to her, a small placard bearing the words, "That wine is drugged," was held up over the partition in full view of the girl, who, profiting by the advice, made haste to quit the room, and when the man pursued her into the street she warned him off under a threat of arrest.

## NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

— That the Royal Aquarium Society was awarded £60 in a suit against Prof. Duncan, who violated a contract in neglecting to appear with his performing dogs.

— That next season will be the most interesting ever known in the history of glove fighting.

— That Arthur Callan, of Wood Green, fights with the raw 'uns in France in August.

— That Billy Plimmer will probably return to the States without having a fight.

— That Tom Long, the bagatelle player, died suddenly, and his remains were interred at Forest Hill.

— That Jack Burke's contests with Owen Sullivan in South Africa look very much like prearranged affairs.

That THE MIRROR OF LIFE is the only illustrated sporting journal in Great Britain.

— That T. Osborne has lowered the Scotch quarter-mile bicycle record, covering the distance in 33sec.

— That at the Moorfield Grounds, Failsworth, Mat Johnson, with 15 yards start, defeated E. Holden in a 300 yards race for £25 a-side.

— That Jack Skelley, an American feather-weight pugilist, is coming here to challenge any lad in the kingdom to fight at 8st 12lb for £400, and that Skelley is the lad whom George Dixon defeated at New Orleans.

— That THE MIRROR OF LIFE is the only journal in the Kingdom that is out-spoken in its fistic gossip and bestows credit where credit is due.

— That Jem Mace is to take a farewell benefit, and will journey to the States in the autumn.

— That Peter Latham, in receipt of ½15 and a bisque, defeated C. S. Saunders in a tennis match at Lord's, and gave a remarkably good display of the game.

— That THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be sent post free for thirteen weeks on receipt of 2s. 8d.

— That in Boston, U.S.A., the authorities have declined to countenance glove fights in public after this month.

— That the Alhambra is the rendezvous for Americans visiting London.

— That Ben Fuller is taking on too much when he dives from a height of fifteen feet above the roof of the Aquarium.

— That newsagents in the different parts of the United Kingdom continue to report increased sales in THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

— That the "Life and Battles of James J. Corbett" will be mailed to any address, post free, on receipt of one shilling.

— That Jack Thompson has been offered an engagement to join an opera troupe to tour the States, and that if he declines the engagement he will be seen at the Drury Lane in the autumn.

— That at Oxford City Court, July 10, Chas. Shirral and Geo. Foster Sandford, two members of the Yale team, who are at present practising at Oxford, were summoned for discharging fireworks in the High Street at Oxford on July 4, Independence Day. The defendants pleaded guilty, and said they did not know that they were doing anything contrary to the law; they at once desisted when spoken to by the police. The summonses were dismissed on payment of costs.

— That F. T. Bidlake broke the fifty miles tricycle road record by over 12min, doing 2h 22min 55sec, as against the previous best of 2h 35min 17sec. Bidlake would have done much better but for a punctured tyre.

— That the two Welshmen, J. O'Brien and D. St. John, are looking for fight. O'Brien is open to box any middle-weight in England, for £100 or £200 a-side; whilst D. St. John is willing to meet any heavy-weight in England, for a substantial side wager.

— That George Johnson, of Hackney, is prepared to fight Jack Skelley when the latter arrives from America.

— That F. Bullman and W. Driscoll are to row a race from Putney to Mortlake, August 18, for £50.

— That Jerry Marshall, the Australian coloured 8st 10lb pugilist, now in the States, wants to come here to fight George Johnson.

— That THE MIRROR OF LIFE is the only paper that gives gossip on pugilism and sporting anecdotes, and the staff writing these columns know what they are talking about.

— That Parson Davies is trying hard to bolster up Joe Choynski, since Bob Fitzsimmons made a complete mug of the Jew.

— That Joe Walcott, the 10st coloured pugilist, offers to come here and fight any man of even weight for £500 a-side, and a purse.

— That at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, J. Pike, of Islington, was given the award over Fred More, of Kingsland, in a six round contest.

— That at a benefit tendered Fred Johnson, at the Blue Anchor, Tom Ireland defeated Ted Ware in six rounds.

— That we have come to stay.

## LADS PLACARD A STREET SIREN.

**An Incident which Created Considerable Mirth to Pedestrians.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

RATHER a remarkable incident occurred in Tottenham Court Road the other evening, which will not soon be forgotten by the victim. A siren of the streets in parading up and down the thoroughfare soliciting trade, had a placard: "Ask to see our new underwear," pinned to her skirt, and it was fully an hour that she walked about, greatly to the amusement of the passers-by, when a "Bobby" hove in sight, and perceiving that the siren had been made the victim of a cruel joke, called her attention to the placard on her skirt. The anger of the damsel was productive of rather harsh language, and she beat a hasty retreat out of the neighbourhood.

## NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

"I AM a sworn enemy to everything of a snaky nature, whether I find it in human beings or reptiles," said Col. E. C. Shaw, of London, an ex-officer in the British army. "During my active service in the army I was stationed for a time in British Guiana, and while there had an experience with a snake that was startling enough to suit the most adventurous mind.

"I used to amuse myself a good deal by fishing in a neighbouring river. One sultry afternoon, tired out with unsuccessful sport, I drew my canoe to a shady spot on the river bank, and, stretching myself in the bottom, with my gun at my side, soon fell asleep. I was soon roused from my slumber by a curious sensation, as though some animal was licking my foot. I glanced down, and, to my horror, saw the head and neck of a huge serpent, which was covering my feet with saliva, preparing, I suppose, to swallow me whole. For an instant I was completely paralyzed with fear and horror, and a terrible death seemed imminent, but by a superhuman effort I regained control of my faculties, and, jerking my feet away, seized my gun and, quick as a flash, fired a load of buckshot into the snake's head. The boa, with a terrible hiss, raised its huge body and thrashed around at a great rate, as if determined in its death throes to coil itself around me, but, grasping the paddle, I placed the canoe out of harm's way by a single stroke. The snake still continued to writhe around, half of its immense body in the water and the other half on the bank. I fired another charge into its head, which put an effectual end to its struggles. The reptile measured forty feet in length and was as big around as a man's body."

## FATHER TO TWO DOZEN CHILDREN.

MR. GEORGE FORMAN chose the wrong season for pleading poverty before Mr. Mead, at the Thames Police Court. By trade he is a cricket-bat manufacturer. Had it been Christmastide he might have argued with some reason that business was dull, but when at the present moment every petty street or lane has its own cricket club, when county matches are in full swing, and when batsmen are hitting out in a manner never before witnessed, it was ridiculous for him to say that he could not earn enough to keep his family—"For you must know, sir," he said to the magistrate, "I am a family man." "How many children have you?" asked Mr. Mead. "Twenty-four," answered the batmaker without wincing. "How often have you been married?" "Twice and a half," replied the defaulter. Forman seemed to be uncertain about the number of offspring he really had, for he admitted that in taking a census of them he sometimes made them more, and sometimes less than the two dozen mentioned. As the summons which he was called on to answer was taken out by an officer appointed under the Industrial Schools Act, it is to be presumed that part of his offspring are being cared for under another roof than his own, which may account for his difficulty in marital and paternal arithmetic. He said his income only averaged from 10s. to 15s. a week, but the magistrate apparently did not believe it, and ordered him to pay up £1 16s. and 8s. costs. "Will you allow me a little time to pay it in?" asked the debtor. "Not a minute," replied the magistrate; whereupon Forman at once produced the sum demanded, which proves conclusively that trade is not so bad as he wished to make out.

EMPLOYER: "Late again, John. Can't you manage to get here on time?"

Employe: "I can't sleep nights, sir, and am apt to be late in the morning."

Employer: "H'm! Sleeplessness. Why don't you consult a doctor and find out the cause?"

Employe: "I know the cause, sir; it is six weeks old."

Employer: "Oh!"

## STRIKERS BURNING BRIDGES ON THE OHIO.

**Desperate Workmen who Declare they will have their Just Dues at any Cost.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

Among the most appalling incidents of the strike in the United States is the burning of the bridges on the Ohio river. Though the Federal troops have been called out the strikers declare that they are prepared to fight to death in order to receive due recognition for the working man. Many are armed to the teeth, and among the most active are the wives of the men, who claim that starvation wages has driven them to resort to extreme measures.

**Eugene V. Debs.**

The American Railway Union, which is playing so prominent a part in the present conflict, is an organisation little over a year old, having been formed on June 20, 1893, when its president, Eugene V. Debs, was elected. Various estimates place the number of men engaged in the railroad service at from 800,000 to a million, and of these over 150,000 were enrolled immediately after the formation of the union, which, however, anticipates having the whole number of those employés under its banner. Unlike other organisations, the A.R.U. started with an Educational Department, which gave lectures on economical subjects, financial aspect of strikes, the question of wages, &c. On this subject the union declared its principles in the following terms:—"There will be a department designed to promote legislation in the interests of labour—that is to say, the enactment of laws by legislatures and by Congress, having in view well-defined obligations of employers and employés such as safety appliances for trains, hours of labour, the payment of wages, the rights of employes to be heard in courts where they have claims to be adjudicated, and numerous others in which partisan politics will have no part, the common good being the animating purpose." Membership is open to any person of good character employed in the railway service, except certain officials of a high rank. In addition to his duties as president of the A.R.U., Mr. Debs is well known as a business man of considerable ability and editor of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*.

It would appear that the backbone of the American railway strike is broken because on July 12 the employés of Mr. Pullman were asked by some of the strike leaders to appeal to Mr. Debs to call off the boycott on the ground that the damage caused to the country through the strike was too great. The employés consented to do so, and hopes are entertained that this will lead to the strike being officially declared off. A train which started for San Francisco, July 11, was thrown off the line into a ditch at a trestle two and a half miles out. The stoker was shot by the strikers, and three regulars were wounded. Four cars are lying in the water under the trestle. No trains are running at Oakland or Sacramento.

Another private soldier has died at Sacramento from the effects of injuries he received in the trestle bridge outrage near that place, making the total number of dead five. The sheriff declares he has evidence sufficient to convict the striker named Worden, who was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in throwing the train off the line. It has been discovered that the strikers in California have tapped the telegraph wires and learned the contents of the Government messages.

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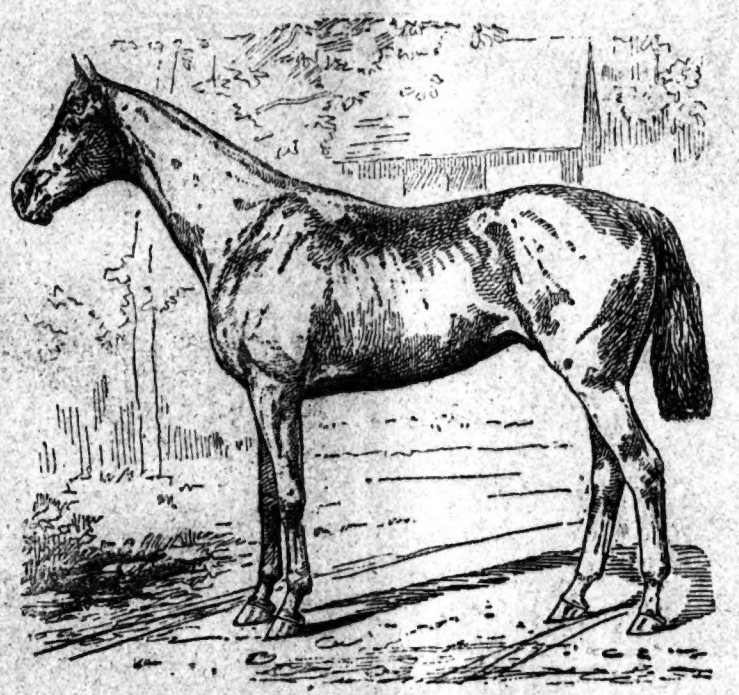
We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.



## LORD ROSEBERRY'S LADAS.

**The Favourite for the St. Leger.**

## CONFESSIONS OF A CONFIDENCE MAN.

It seems strange, but nevertheless a fact, that confidence men and thieves of various descriptions take quite a pride in boasting of how clever they are, and how they have defrauded people out of honestly earned money. William Griffiths, who possesses about a dozen or more aliases, and who is now under remand for trial to answer the charge of defrauding people by giving bogus cheques, believes it is quite an honour to be a shrewd swindler, and during one of the moments when he was bragging about the swindling transactions he had taken part in said: "I have played no favourites, but skinned the public in all parts of the United States and Australia. I have taken in a few in England, but not to any great extent. Considering the way I have worked mugs, I have been very fortunate, because I only served one term in gaol during my natural life. I was for a long time a professional gambler, but that money was sure enough for me. I was caught once in San Francisco, and I buncoed the detective who had me in charge. With the expenditure of some money I impressed upon his mind that nature demanded my presence in a house of pleasure, and when we got there I managed to induce a siren to keep the detective engaged whilst I quit the place and started east. In Minneapolis I sold a batch of tanks as being full of oil, but the purchasers were in luck to get the tanks empty. I struck Chicago and got up against a jewellery shop, and asked to be shown some diamonds. While the shopkeeper was getting the tray of unset stones to show me I put a lot of wax under the outside edge of the counter. While I was inspecting the stones I requested the man to show me another lot, and the moment his back was turned, I extracted some of the highest-priced stones and stuck them in the wax. I didn't buy anything, but went out, and before I had gone a square away I was arrested for stealing diamonds. I pretended to be indignant, and on being searched I was discharged, because none of the stones were found upon me. Now, in order to get the stones I sent a pal in to purchase a cheap ring, and while he was looking at the rings with one he was taking away the diamonds from the wax underneath the outer edge of the counter with the other hand. He spent about five dollars to avoid suspicion, and we sold the diamonds for a lot of money. I made a rich haul in Australia by doing a land scheme, and I didn't leave the country any too soon either. I have made a lot of money in my time, and all crooked, too; but easy come easy go. I intended making one more big haul and then retire, but luck went against me, and now I'm in the hole on a miserable £3 racket, which was not enough money for me to live a single day on. Its generally the way; a man who makes a big catch gets away with it, but the paltry ones are what create the trouble—in fact, it has been so with me."

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Minnie: "Young Sapley tried to kiss me last night."

Mamie: "Did he succeed?"

Minnie: "No: he didn't know how."

* * *

Blakeley: "That was a horrible custom they used to have in India, of killing all a man's wives when he died."

Rakeley: "I should say so. Just think how stupid Indian society must have been without any widows."

## PRIVATE THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

**Performers who were not Allowed to Wear Skirts Too Short.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"Here is a choice bit," says a correspondent, "and you may rest assured that it has created considerable talk in a small circle in a select neighbourhood. It was arranged to give a private theatrical show recently, and when the performers were all prepared to start the business in motion two of the matrons put in an appearance and insisted on measuring the length of the skirts to be worn. Those who displayed the legs above the calf were compelled to remove their costume and put on a longer skirt, which had to come within two feet of the ground. The invited guests got an inkling of what had transpired through one of the young ladies making an apology for wearing a misfit for a costume. It was amusing to those present, and even those who participated enjoyed the sport.

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"The man I love must, first of all, be brave."
"The woman I could love must tender be."
His heart he to a smooth virago gave—
She yielded when a braggart bent the knee!

* * *

His Mother: "Johnny, always remember what I told you. When you see any little boy showing anger, take him aside and make him feel that he is wrong. Did you do so yesterday with naughty Tommy Tubbs?"

Johnny: "Yes, indeed, I did. I punched him good, too."

* * *

Briggs: "I had an awfully lucky thing happen to me yesterday. I was riding on my wheel when I ran into a man and broke two of his legs."

Griggs: "I don't see anything lucky about that."

Briggs: "I got away before any one came."

* * *

He: "And so your father said he feared didn't have any get up and go about me, did he? I wonder what gave him that impression?"

She: "I presume it is because it is always so late when you do finally get up and go that he's asleep and doesn't hear you."

* * *

Father (visiting at college): "My son, these are better cigars than I can afford."

Son: "That's all right, father; take all you want; this is on me."


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